

R A M - A L L E Y:

Or

Merrie-Trickes.

A COMEDY

Diuers times here-to-fore acted

By

the Children

of

the Kings Reuels.



Written by Lo: Barrey.

R. B. . .

AT LONDON

Printed by *G. Eld*, for *Robert Wilson*,

and are to be sold at his shop in Holborne,
at the new gate of *Graycs Inne*.

1611.

THE MERRY

WIVES

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As it was acted

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The Prologue.

Home-bred mirth our Muse doth sing,
The Satyres tooth and Waspsish sting,
Which most do hurt when least suspected,
By this Play are not affected;
But if Conceit with quick-turn'd Sceanes,
Observing all those ancient streames,
Which from the Horse-foot fount do flow,
As Time, Place, Person, and to show,
Things neuer done with that true life,
That thoughts and wits shall stand at strife,
Whether the things now shewne be true,
Or whether wee our selues now do
The things wee but present: if these
Free from the loathsome stage disease,
(So ouer-worne, so tirde and stale,
Not Satyring but to raile,)
May win your fauours, and inherit
But calme acceptance for his merit:
A vowe by Paper, Pen and Inke,
And by the learned Sisters drinke,
To spend his Time, his Lamps, his Oyle,
And neuer cease his braine to toyle,
Till from the silent houres of night,
Hee doth produce for your delight,
Conceits so new, so harmlesse free,
That Puritanes them-selues may see
A Play, yet not in publique Preach,
That Playors such lewd doctrine teach
That their pure ioynts do quake and tremble,
VVhen they doe see a man resemble
The Picture of a Villaine: This
As hee a friend to Muses is,
To you by mee a giues his word,
Is all his Play doth now affoord.

FINIS.



Actorum nomina.

Sir Olinier Smale-shankes.
Iustice Tutchin.
Thomas Smale-shankes.
William Smalshankes.
Boutcher.
Lieftenant Beard.

Throte.
Captaine Face.
Dash.
Three Gentlemen.
A Drawer.
Constable and Officers.

Women.

Lady Sommerfield,
Constantia Somersfield.
Francis.

Taffata.
Adriana,
Chamber-maide.



FINIS

Ramme-Alley.

Actus 1. Scæna 1,

Enter Constantia sola, with a letter in her hand.

Const. **I**N this disguise, (ere scarce my mourning robes)
Could haue a generall note, I haue forsooke,
My shape, my mother, and those rich demeanes,
Of which I am sole heyre, and now resolute,
In this disguise of Page to follow him,
Whose loue first caused me to assume this shape.
Lord how my feminine blood stirs at the sight
Of these same breeches, me thinkes this cod-piece
Should betray mee: well, I will trye the worst,
Hether they say hee vsually doth come,
Whom I so much affect, what makes he heere
In the skirts of *Holborne*, so neere the field,
And at a garden house, a has some punke
Vpon my life: no more heere hee comes.

Enter Boutcher.

God saue you sir: your name vnlesse I erre,
Is maister *Thomas Boutcher*. **Bou.** 'Tis sweet boy. *Con. delivers*

Con. I haue a letter for you. **Bou.** From whom ist, *the lett.*

Con. The inside sir will tell you: I shall see *he reads it.*

What loue he beares me now. **Bou.** Th'art welcome boy.

How does the faire *Constantia Somerfield*,

My noble mistresse. *Con.* I left her in health.

Bou. Shee giues thee heere good words, and for her sake,
Thou shalt not want a maister, be mine for euer.

Con. I thanke you sir: now shall I see the Punke. *he knocks*

Enter William Small-shanke.

W.Sm. Who knocks so fast? I thought 'twas you, what news?

Bout. You know my businesse well, I sing one song.

W.Sm. Foot, what would you haue me do, my land is gon,
My credit of lesse trust then Courtiers words
To men of iudgment, and for my debts
I might deserue a Knight-hood; what's to be done?
The Knight my father will not once vouchsafe

MERRY-TRICKS.

To call me sonne ; That little land a gaue,
Throte the Lawyer swallowed at one gob;
For lesse then halfe the worth, and for the Citty
There be so many rascals, and tall yeomen
Would hang vpon me for their maintenance,
Should I but peepe or step within the gates,
That I am forst onely to ease my charge,
To liue here in the suburbs : or in the towne
To walke in *Tenebris*, I tell you sir,
Your best retierd life is an honest Punke
In a thatcht house with Gailike : tell not mee,
My Punk's my Punke, and noble Letchery
Sticks by a man, when all his friends forsake him.

Bon. The Poxe it will, art thou so sencelesse growne,
So much indeared to thy bestiall lust,
That thy originall worth should lye extinct
And buried in thy shame ? farre be such thoughts
From spirits free and noble : begin to liue,
Know thy selfe, and whence thou art deriu'd,
I know that competent state thy father gaue,
Cannot be yet consum'd. *W.S.* 'Tis gon by Heauen,
Not a denier is left. *Bon.* 'Tis impossible.

W.S. Impossible zart, I haue had two suckers,
Able to spend the wealthy *Crasus* store.

Enter Francis.

Bon. What are they ? *W.S.* Why a Lawyer and a Whore;
See heere comes one, doost thinke this petti-coate,
A perfum'd smock, and twice a weeke a bathe,
Can be maintain'd with halfe a yeares reuenews,
No by Heauen, wee Annuall yonger brothers,
Must go to't by hole-sale, by hole-sale man
These creatures are maintai nd: her very face
Has cost a hundred pound. *Fra.* Sir, thanke your selfe.

Coni. They keepe this whore betwixt them. *Fra.* You know
I did inioy a quiet country life; (sir,
Spotlesse and free, till you corrupted mee,
And brought me to the Court, I neuer knew,
What fleeking, glazing, or what pressing meant,

Till

MERRY-TRICKS.

Till you preferd me to your Aunt the Lady,
I knew no Iuorie teeth, no caps of heire,
No *Mercury* water, *fucas*, or perfumes,
To helpe a Ladies breath, vntill your Aunt,
Learnt me the common trick. W.S. The common trick,
Say you, a pexe vpon such common tricks,
They will vndoe vs all. Bon. And knowing this
Art thou so wilfull blind, still to persist
In ruine and defame. W.S. What should I doe?
I'auē past my word to keepe this Gentlewoman,
Till I can place her to her owne content,
And what is a Gentleman but his word.

Bon. Why let her goe to seruice. W.S. To seruice,
Why so shee does, she is my Landresse,
And by this light, no punie Inne a Court
But keepes a Landresse at his command
To doe him seruice, and shall not I, ha!

Fra. Sir, you are his friend (I loue him to)
Propound a course which may aduantage him,
And you shall finde such reall worth in me,
That rather then Ile liue his hindrance,
I will assume the most penurious state
The Citty yeelds, to giue me meanes of life.

W.S. Why ther's it, you heare her what she sayes,
Would not he be damn'd that should forsake her,
Sayes she not well, can you propound a course,
To get my forfit land, from yonder roague,
Parcell Lawyer, parcell Deuill, all Knaue,
Thrate, throate. Bon. Not I. W.S. Why so, I thought as much,
You are like our Cittizens to men in need,
Which cry 'tis pittie, a proper Gentleman,
Should want mony, yet not an vsuring slaue,
VVill lend him a denier, to helpe his wants,
Will you lend mee forty shillings. Bon. I will.

W.S. VVhy God-amecy, there's some goodnesse in thee,
Youle not repent. Bon. I will not. VV.S. VVith that money
I will redeeme my forfit land, and wed
My Coccatrice to a man of worship,

MERRY-TRICKS.

To a man of worship by this light. *Bon.* But how?

W.S. Thus in Ramme-alley lies a fellow, by name
Throte: one that professeth law, but indeed
Has neither law nor conscience, a fellow
That neuer saw the barre, but when his life
Was cald in question for a coosenage,
The Rogue is riche, to him go you, tell him
That rich Sir *John Somerfield*. *Con.* How's that?

W. Is lately dead, and that my hopes stand faire
To get his onely daughter. If I speed,
And haue but meanes to steale away the wench,
Tell him I reckon him my chiefeft friend,
To entertaine vs till our nuptiall rites
May be accomplisht, and could you but procure
My elder brother meete me on the way,
And but associate me vnto his house,
Tweare hit ifaith, I'de giue my cunning *Throte*
An honest slit for all his tricks in lawe.

Bon. Why this shall be perform'd, take ther's my store,
To friends all things are common. *W.S.* Then at the court
There are none foes, for all things there are common.

Bon. I will as carefully performe thy wish,
As if my fortunes lay vpon th'attempt.

W.S. When shall I heere from you. *Bon.* Within this houre

W.S. Let me alone for the rest, if I gull not
And go beyond my open throated lawyer,
For all his booke cases of *Tricesimo nono*
And *Quadragesimo octauo*: let mee
Like waiting Gentlewomen be euer bound,
To sit vpon my heeles, and pick rushes,
Will you about this geere. *Bon.* With my best speed.

W.S. Then fare you well, yole meete me. *Bon.* Without faile.

Exit Bouch: and Page.

W.S. Aduet: now you pernicious Coccatrice,
You see how I must skelder for your good,
He bring you where you shall haue meanes to cheate,
If you haue grace enough to apprehend it.

Fra. Belecue me loue, how ere some stricter wits,

Condemne

MERRY-TRICKS.

Condemne all women which are prone to loue,
And thinke that if their fauour fall on any,
By consequence they must be naught with many,
And hold a false position, that a woman
False to her selfe, can trusty be to no man,
Yet know I say, how ere my life hath lost
The fame which my Virginitie aspyr'd,
I will be true to thee, my deed shall mooue,
To win from all men pittie, if not loue.

W.S. Tut, I know thee a good rascall, lets in,
And on with all your neate and finest ragges.
On with your cloake and saue-gard, you arrant drab,
You must cheate without all conscience, filch for thee & me.
Do but thou act what I shall well contriue,
Weele teach my Lawyer a new way to thriue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mistresse Tafata, and Adriana her maid, above.

Taf. Come lou'd Adriana heere let vs sit,
And marke who passes; now for a wager,
What colourd bear'd comes next by the window?

Adr. A black mans I thinke. Taf. I thinke not so,
I thinke a redde, for that is most in fashion,
Lord how scarce is the world of proper men
And gallants; sure wee neuer more shall see
A good legge worne in a long filke stocking,
With a long cod-peece, of all fashions
That carried it ifaith, what's he goes by?

Enter a Cittizen.

Adr. A sniuching Cittizen, he is carrying ware, *Exit.*
Vnto some Ladies chamber: but whoe's this?

Enter T. Smal-shanke reading a letter.

Taf. I know him not, a lookes iust like a foole.

Adr. He's very braue a may be a Courtier,
Whats that a reads. Taf. Ah how light a treads
For durting his filke stockings, Ile tell thee what,
A witty woman may with ease distinguish,
All men by their noses, as thus: your nose
Tuscan is louely, large and brawde,
Much like a Goose, your valiant generous nose.

MERRY-TRICKS.

A crooked smoth and a great puffing nose,
Your schoolers nose is very fresh and raw
For want of fire in winter, and quickly smells,
His choppes of mutton, in his dish of porrage.
Your Puritan nose is very sharpe and long,
And much like your widdows, and with ease can smell,
An edefying capon some five streets off,

Enter Boutcher and Constantia.

Adr. O mistris a very proper gentleman,

Tafa. And trust me so it is, I neuer saw

A man that sooner could captiue my thoughts

(Since I writ widdow) then this gentleman,

I would a would looke vp. *Adr.* Ile laugh so loud

That he may here me. *Tafa.* Thats not so good

Bo. And spake you with Maister Smalshanke. *Con.* I did.

Bo. Will a meere his brother. *Con.* A said a woud,

And I beleueed him, I tell you maister

I haue done that for many of these gallants

That no man in this towne would do but I.

Bo. Whats is that boy. *Con.* Why trust them on their words

But will you heare the newes which now supplies,

The citty with discourse. *Bo.* What is it wag

Con. This sir, they say some of our citty dames

Were much desirous to see the Baboones

Doe their newest trickes, went, saw them, came home,

Went to bed, slept, next morning one of them,

Being to shift a smocke, sends downe her maide,

To warme her one, meane while she gins to thinke

On the Babones tricks, and naked in her bed

Begins to practise some, at last she stroue,

To gett her right leg ouer her head; thus:

And by her actiuity she got it

Crosse he shoulder: but not withall her power,

Could she reduce it, at last much strugling

Tumbles quite from the bed vpon the flower,

The maide by this return'd with the warme smocke,

And seeing her mistris throwne on the ground

Trust vp like a foote-ball, exclames, calles helpe,

Runnes

MERRY-TRICKS.

Runnes downe amazd, sweares that her mistris necke
Is broke; vp comes her husband and neighbours,
And finding her thus trus'd, some flatly said
She was bewitch, others she was possesst,
A third said for her pride, the Diuell had set
Her face where her rumpe should stand, but at last
Her valiant husband steppes me boldly to her,
Helpes her; she a shamed; her husband amazed,
The neighbours laughing as none forbear,
She tells them of the fatall accident.

To which one answer, that if her husband
Would leaue his trade, and carry his wife about
To doe this tricke in publike, she'd get more gold
Then all the Babones, Calues with two tayles,
Or motions what soeuer. *Bon.* You are a wag,

Taf. He wilbe gone if we neglect to stay him.

Adr. Shall I cough or sneeze. *Taf.* Noe I ha't stand a side,
Aye me my handkertcher *Adriand, Fabia.* *Adr.* Mistris,

Taf. Runne, runne I haue let my handkertcher fall,
Gentleman shall I intreate a curtesie,

Bur. Within my power your beauty shall command.
What curtesie ist. *Taf.* To stoope and take vp,
My handkertcher. *Bon.* Your desire is performd.

Taf. Sir most hearty thanks: please you come in.
Your welcome shall transcend your expectation.

Bon. I accept your curtesie, ha! whats this?
Assayld by feare and hope in a moment.

Boucher this womanish passion fits not men,
Who know the worth of freedome: shall smyles and eyes
With their lasciuious glances conquer him
Hath still beene Lord of his affections?

Shall simpring nisentle load-stones but to fooles,
Attract a knowing spirrit: it shall, it dooes,

Not *Phabus* rising from *Auroras* lap,
Spreds his bright raies with more maiestique grace.

Then came the glances from her quickning eye
And what of this. *Con.* By my troth I know not.

Bon. I will not enter: continued flames burne strong,

MERRY-TRICKS.

I yet am free and reason keeps her seate,
Aboue all fond affections yet is she fayre.

Enter Adriana.

Adr. Sir I bring you thanks for this great curtesie,
And if you please to enter I dare presume,
My mistris will afford you gracious welcome,

Bou. How doe men call your mistris. *Con.* The mans in loue.

Adr. Her name sir is Mistris *Changeable*, late wife
To maister *Tafata* Mercer deceast.

Bou. I haue heard she is both rich and beautifull,

Adr. In th' eyes of such as loue her, iudge your selfe.
Please you but pricke forward and enter,

Con. Now will I fall a boord the wating maide,

Adr. Fall a boord of me, dost take me for a ship,

Con. I And will shoote you betwixt wind and water.

Adr. Blurt maister gunner your linstocks to short.

Con. Foote how did she know that, dost here sweet hart
Should not the page be doing with the maid,
Whilst the maister is busie with the mistris,
Please you pricke forwards, thou art a wench
Likely to goe the way of all flesh shortly

Adr. Whose witty knaue art thou. *Con.* At your seruice.

Ad. At mine faith, I should breetch thee. *Con.* How breetch

Adr. I breetch thee, I haue breetch a taler man, (me.
Then you in my time, come in and welcome.

Con. Well I see now a ritch well-practis'd baud,
May pursse more fees in a summers progresse,
Then a well traded lawier in a whole terme,
Pandarisme! why't is growne a liberall science
Or a new sect, and the good professors
Will like the Brownist frequent grauell pits shortly,
For they vse woods and obscure holes already.

Enter Tafata and Boucher.

Not marry a widdow. *Bou.* No. *Taf.* And why?
Belike you thinke it base and seruant-like,
To feed vpon reuerfion, you hold vs widdowes,
But as a pie thrust to the lower end
That hath had many fingers int before,

And

MERRY-TRICKS.

And is referu'd for grose and hungry stomackes.

Bon. You much mistake me. *Taff.* Come in faith you do:

And let me tell you thats but ceremony,
For though the Pye bee broken vp before,
Yet sayes the prouerbe, the deeper is the sweeter.
And though a capons wings and legges be caru'd,
The flesh left with the rumpe I hope is sweet.
I tell you sir, I haue beene wooed, and sued to,
By worthy Knights of faire demeanes: nay more,
They haue bin out of debt, yet till this houre,
I neither could indure, to be in loue.

Or be beloued, bur proferd ware is cheape.
whats lawfull thats loathd, and things denied,
Are with more stronger appetite persude.
I am to yeelding. *Bon.* You mistake my thoughts.

But know thou wonder of this continent,
By one more skyld in vnknowne fate, then was,
The blind *Achaian* Prophet, It was foretold,
A widdow should indanger both my life,
My soule, my lands, and reputation,
This cheks my thoughts, and cooles th'essentiall fire,
Of sacred loue; more ardent in my brest
Then speech can vtter. *Taf.* A triuiall Idle ieast,
Tis for a man, of your repute, and note,
To credit fortunetellers, a petty rogue,
That neuer saw five shillings, in a heape
Will take vpon him to diuine mens fate,
Yet neuer knowes himselfe, shall die a begger,
Or be hanged vp for pilfering tablecloaths,
Shirts and smocks, hanged out to dry on hedges,
Tis meerely base, to trust them, or if there be,
A man in whome the *Delphicke*, God hath breathed,
His true diuining fire, that can foretell,
The fixt decree of fate, he likewise knowes,
What is within the euerlasting booke,
Of Desteny decreed cannot by wit,
Or mans Inuention be disolued, or shund,
Then giue thy loue free scope inbrace and kisse,
And to the distaste sisters leaue th'euent,

Bon. How powerfull are their words whome we affect,

MERRY-TRICKS.

Small force shall need, to winne the strongest fort,
 If to his state the Captaine be perfidious,
 I must intreate you licence my depart
 For some few houres. *Taf.* Choose what you will of time,
 There lyes your way. *Bou.* I will intreate her, stay.

Taf. Did you call sir. *Bou.* No. *Taf.* Then fare you well.

Bou. Who gins to loue, needs not a second Hell. *Ent. Adr.*

Taf. *Adriana*, makes a no stay. *Adr.* Mistris.

Taf. I prythee see if hee haue left the house,
 Peepe close, see, but be not scene: is a gon.

Adr. No, has made a stand. *Ta.* I prethee keepe close.

Ad. Nay, keep you close y'ad best. *Taf.* What does he now?

Adr. Now a retiers. *Bou.* O you much partiall gods!
 Why gaue you men affections, and not a power
 To gouerne them? what I by fate should shunne,
 I most affect, a widdow, a widdow.

Taf. Blowes the wind there. *Adr.* A ha, h'is in ifaith,
 Yo'aue drawne him now within your purlews mistresse.

Bou. Tut I will not loue, my rationall
 And better parts shall conquer blind affections,
 Let passion children, or weake women sway,
 My loue shall to my iudgement still obay.

Taf. What does he now? *Adr.* H'is gon. *Taf.* Gon *Adriana*,

Adr. A went his way, and neuer lookt behind him.

Taf. Sure he's taken. *Adr.* A little sing'd or so,
 Each thing must haue beginning, men must prepare
 Before they can come on, and show their loues
 In pleasing sort: the man will doe in time,
 For loue good Mistresse is much like to waxe,
 The more 'tis rub'd, it sticks the faster too,
 Or like a bird in bird-lime, or a pit-fall,
 The more a labours, still the deeper in.

Taf. Come, thou must helpe me now, I haue a trick
 To second this beginning, and in the nick,
 To strike it dead ifaith, women must woe,
 When men forget what Nature leads them too.

*Enter Throte the Lawyer from his study, bookes and bags
 of money on a Table, a chaire and cushion.*

Thr. Chast *Phœbe*, splende; there's that left yet,
 Next to my booke, *Claro micante Auro*,

I that's

MERRY-TRICKS.

I that's the soule of lawe : that's it, that's it,
For which the Buckrome bag must trudge all weathers :
Though scarcely fild with one poore replication,
How happy are we that wee ioy the law,
So freely as we doe; not bought and sold,
But clearely giuen, without all base extorting,
Taking but bare ten Angels for a fee,
Or vpward : to this renown'd estate,
Haue I by indirect and cunning meanes,
In-wouen my selfe, and now can scratch it out,
Thrust at a barre, and cry my Lord as low'd,
As ere a list'd gowne-man of them all.
I neuer plead before the honor'd bench,
But bench right-worshipfull of peacefull Iustices
And Country-Gentlemen, and yet I'auē found
Good gettings by the Masse, besides od cheates,
Will Small-shankes lands, and many garboyles more,
Dash. Dash. Sir. *Thr.* Is that reioynder done. *Da.* Done sir.

Thr. Haue you drawn't at length, haue you dasht it out,
According to your name. *Das.* Some seauen-score sheetes.

Thr. Is the demurror drawne twixt *Snip* and *Woodcock*,
And what doe you say to *Peacocks* pittifull bill,

Das. I haue drawne his answer negatiue to all.

Thr. Negatiue to all. The plaintiue sayes,
That *William Goose*, was sonne to *Thomas Goose*,
And will asweare the generall bill is false.

Das. A will. *Thr.* Then he forswears his father, 'tis well,
Some of our clients will go prig to hell
Before our selues; has a paide all his fees.

Das. A left them all with me. *Thr.* Then trusse my points,
And how thinkst thou of law? *Das.* Most reuerently,
Law is the worlds great light, a second sunne,
To this terrestriall Globe, by which all things
Haue life and being, and with-out which
Confusion and disorder soone would seaze
The generall state of men, warres, outrages,
The vlcerous deeds of peace, it curbes and cures,
It is the kingdomes eye, by which shee sees
The acts and thoughts of men. *Thr.* The kingdomes eye,
I tell thee foole, it is the kingdomes nose,

MERRY-TRICKS.

By which she smells out all these rich transgressors,
Nor ist of flesh but meere made of wax,
And tis, within the power of vs Lawiers,
To wrest this nose of waxe which way we please.
Or it may be as thou saist an eye indeed.

But if it be tis sure a womans eye *knocke within.*
Thats euer rowling. *Das.* one knocks. *Thr.* Go see who tis,
Stay, my chaire, and gowne, and then go see who knocks.
Thus must I seeme a Lawyer which am indeed,
But meere dregs and offscumme of the Law, *En. Bon. Das.*
I tricesimo primo Alberti Magni *and Consta.*
Tis very cleere. *Bon.* God saue you sir.

Thr. The place is very pregnant, Maister *Boucher*;
Most hartly welcome sir. *Bon.* You study hard,

Thr. No I haue a cushion. *Bon.* You ply this geere,
You are no trewant in the law, I see.

Thr. Faith some hundred bookes in folio I haue
Turnd ouer to better my owne knowledge,
But that is nothing for a student,

Bon. Or a Stationer they turne them ouer too,
But not as you doe gentill Maister *Throat*,
And what? the Law speakes profit does it not?

Thr. Faith some bad angels haunt vs now and then,
But what brought you hether. *Bon.* Why these smale legs,

Thr. You are conceited sir, *Bon.* I am in Law.
But let that goe, and tell me how you doe,
How does *Will Smalshankes* and his louely bride,

Th. Introth you make me blush, I should haue ask't,
His health of you, but tis not yet to late.

Bon. Nay good sir *Throat* forbear your quilllets now,

Thr. By Heauen I deale most plaine, I saw him not,
Since last I tooke his Morgage. *Bon.* Sir be not nyce,
(Yet I must needs herein commend your loue)

To let me see him; for know I know him wed,
And that a stole away *Sommerfields* heire,
Therefore suspect me not I am his friend,

Thr. How wed to ritch *Sommerfields* onely heyre,
Is o'd *Sommerfield* dead? *Bon.* Do you make it strang?

Thr. By heauen I know it nor. *Bon.* Then am I greued.
I spake so much (but that I know you loue him.

I should

MERY-TRICKS.

~~And is refer'd~~ for grose and hungry stomackes.

~~Bon~~ You much mistake me. Taff. Come in faith you do.

~~And let me tell~~ you thats but ceremony,

~~For though~~ the Pye bee broken vp before,

~~Yet says~~ the prouerbe, the deeper is the sweeter.

I should intreat your secrecie sir, fare you well.

Thro. Nay good sir stay, if ought you can disclose
Of Maister *Smale-shankes* good, let me pertake,
And make me glad in knowing his good hap.

Bon. You much indeere him sir, and from your loue,
I dare presume you make your selfe a fortune
If his fayre hopes proceede. Thr. Say on good sir.

Bon. You will be secret. Thr. Or be my tongue torne out.

Bouch. Measure for a Lawyer, but to the poynt
Has stole *Somerfields* heyre hether a brings her
As to a man on whom a may rely
His life and fortunes : you hath a named
Already for the Steward of his lands,
To keepe his Courts, and to collect his rent,
To let out Leases and to rayse his fines,
Nothing that may, or loue, or profit bring,
But you are named the man. Thr. I am his slaue
And bound vnto his noble curtesie-
Euen with my life, I euer said a would thriue,
And I protest I kept his forfeit morgage,
To let him know what tis to liue in want.

Bour. I thinke no lesse, one word more in priuate.

Con. Good Maister *Dash* shall I put you now a case.

Dash. Speake on good Maister *Page*. Con. Then thus it is,
Suppose I am a Page, he is my Maister,
My Maister goes to bed and cannot tell
What monei's in his hose, I ere next day
Haue filcht out some, what action lies for this.

Dash. An action boy, cald sirking the Posteriors,
With vs your action fildome comes in question :
For that tis knowne that most of your Gallants
Are fildome so well stor'd, that they forget
What monei's in theyr hose, but if they haue,

MERY-TRICKS.

There is noe other helpe then I weare the page
And put him to his oath. *Con.* Then fecks-law,
Dost thinke that he has conscience to steale,
Has not a conscience like wise to deny.

Then hange him vp if sayth. *Boy.* I must meete him,

Thr. Commend me to them, come when they will,
My doores stand open and all within is theirs
And though Ramme stinks with Cookes and ale,
Yet say thers many a worthy lawyers chamber,
Buts vpon Rame-alley, I haue still an open throte,
If ought I haue which may procure his good,
Bid him command, I, though it be my blod. *Ex.*

Actus Secundi. Scena Prima.

Enter Oliuer Smaleshanke, Thomas Smale Shanke.

S.Oli. Is this the place you were appoynted to meete him.

Tho.S. Soe Boutcher sent me word. *Si.O.* I find it true,
That wine, good newes, and a young holsome wentch
Chere vp an old mans bloud, I tel thee boy,
I am right harty glad, to heare thy brother;
Hath got so great an heire; now were my selfe,
So well bestowed I should reioyce ifaith.

Th.S. I hope you shall doe well. *S.O.* No doubt, no doubt.
A firra has a borne the wentch away,
My sonne ifaith, my very sonne ifaith,
When I was young and had an able backe,
And wore the brissell on my vpper lipe,
In good *Decorum* I had as good conuayance,
And could haue ferd, and ferkt y'away a wench,
As soone as care a man a liue; tut boy,
I had my winks, my becks treads on the toe,
Wrings by the fingers, smyles and other quirkes,
Noe Courtier like me, your Courtiers all are fooles,
To that which I could doe, I could haue done it boy.
Euen to a hare, and that some Ladies knowe,

Th.S. Sir I am glad this match may reconcile,
Your loue vnto my brother. *Si.O.* Tis more then soe.

MERY-TRICKS.

He seeme offended still though I am glad,
Enter Willian Smals-shanke Francis, Beard booted.
 Has got rich *Sammer-fields* heyre. *Wi.S.* Come wench of gold,
 For thou shalt get me gold, besides od ends
 Of siluer: weele purchase house and land,
 By thy bare gettings, wentch, by thy bare gettings,
 How saiest *Lieftenant-Beard*, does she not looke
 Like a wentch newly stole from a window?

Bea. Exceeding well she carries it by *Ioue*;
 And if she can forbear her *Rampant* tricke,
 And but hold close a while twill take by *Mars*.

Fra. How now you slaue? my rampant trickes you rogue,
 Nay feare not me my onely feare is still,
 Thy filthy face betrayes vs, for all men know,
 Thy nose stands compas like a bow,
 Which is three quarters drawne, thy head.
 Which is with greasy haire ore-spred,
 And being vncurl'd and blacke as cole,
 Doth show some *Scullion* in a hole
 Begot thee on a *Gipsie*, or
 Thy mother was some *Colliers* whore
 My rampant tricks you rogue, thou't be descride
 Before our plor be ended. *W.S.* What should descry him,
 Vnlesse it be his nose? and as for that;
 Thou maist protest a was thy fathers butler,
 And for thy loue is likewise runne away,
 Nay sweet *Lieftenant* now forbear to puffle,
 And let the brissells of thy beard growe downe-ward,
 Reuerence my *Punke* and *Pandarize* a little,
 Thers many of thy ranke that doe professe it,
 Yet hold it noe disparagment. *Bea.* I shall doe,
 What fits an honest man. *Wi.S.* Why thats enough,
 Foote my Father and the goose my brother,
 Backe you two. *Bea.* Backe. *Wi.S.* Retyer sweet *Lieftenant*,
 And come not on, till I shall waue you on.
Si.O. Is not that he. *Th.S.* Tis he. *Si.O.* But wheres the wentch.
W.S. It shalbe so, he cheate him thats flat.

MERRY-TRICKS.

Sir Ol. You are well met, know yee me good sir,
 Belike you thinke I haue no eyes, no eares,
 No nose to smell, and winde out all your tricks,
 Y haue stole Sir *Somerfields* heire, nay we can finde,
 Your wildest paths, your turnings and returnes,
 Your traces, squats, the insets, formes and holes,
 You yongmen vse, if once our sagest wits
 Be set a hunting, are you now crept forth,
 Haue you hid your head within a suburbe hole
 All this while, and are you now crept forth?

W.S. 'Tis a starke lye. *Sir Ol.* How? *W.S.* who told you so
Foote, a Gentleman cannot leaue the Citty (did lye,
 And keepe the suburbs to take a little Phisick,
 But strait some slaue will say he hides his head:
 I hide my head within a Suburbe hole,
 I could haue holes at Court to hide my head,
 Were I but so disposd. *Sir Ol.* Thou varlet knaue,
 Thast stolne away Sir *John Somerfields* heire,
 But neuer looke for countenance from me,
 Carry her whether thou wilt. *W.S.* Father, father,
 Zart will you vndoe your posterity.
 Will you sir vndoe your posterity?
 I can but kill my brother, then hang my felse,
 And where is then your house, make me not dispare,
Foote now I haue got a wench, worth by the yeare
 Two thousand pound and vpwards, to crosse my hopes:
 Would ere a clowne in Christendom doo't but you.

Th.S. Good Father, let him leaue this thundring,
 And giue him grace. *W.S.* Why law, my brother knowes
 Reason, and what an honest man should doe. (behind,

S.Ol. Well, wheres your wife. *W.S.* Shees comming here

S.Ol. He giue her some-what, though I loue not thee.

W.S. My father right, I knew you could not hold
 Out long with a woman, but giue some-thing
 Worthy your gift and her acceptance father,
 This chaine were excellent by this good-light,
 Shee shall giue you as good if once her hands

Enter Frances Beard.

Come

MERRY-TRICKS.

Come to my fingring. S.O. Peace knaue, whats she your wife?

W.S. That shall be fir. S.O. And whats he. W.S. My man.

S.O. A Ruffian Knaue a is. W.S. A Ruffian fir,

By heauen, as tall a man as ere drew sword,

Not being counted of the damned crew,

A was her fathers Butler, his name is *Beard*,

Of with your Maske, now shall you finde me true,

And that I am a sonne vnto a Knight,

This is my father. S.O. I am indeed faire maide,

My stile is Knight: come let me kisse your lips.

W.S. That kisse shall cost your chaine. S.O. It smacks ifaith,

I must commend your choise. *Fra.* Sir I haue giuen

A longer venture then true modesty

Will well allow, or your more grauer witte

Commend. W.S. I dare be sworne she has. S.O. Not so,

The foolish knaue ha's beene accounted wilde,

And so haue I, but I am now come home,

And so will he. *Fra.* I must belecue it now.

W.S. Beg his chaine wench. *Be.* Wil you cheat your father?

W.S. I by this light will I. S.O. Nay sigh not.

For you shall finde him louing and me thankfull.

And were it not a scandall to my honour,

To be consenting to my sonnes attempt,

You should vnto my house, meane while take this,

As pledge and token of my after loue:

How long since dyed your father. W.S. Some six weeks since.

We cannot stay to talke, for slaues pursue,

I haue a house shall lodge vs till the Priest

May make vs sure. S.O. Well sirra, loue this woman,

And when you are man and wife bring her to me,

Shee shall be welcome. W.S. I humbly thanke you sir.

S.O. I must be gone, I must a wooing too.

W.S. *Ioue* and *Priapus* speed you, youle returne.

Exit Sir Oliuer and Thom: Small-shanke.

Th.S. Instantly. W.S. VVhy this came cleanly off.

Giue me the chaine, you little Cockatrice,

VVhy this was luck, foore foure hundred crownes

Got at a clap, hold still your owne you whore,

MERRY-TRICKS.

And we shall thrive. *Bea.* Twas brauely fereht about.

W.S. I, when will your nose and beard performe as much.

Fra. I am glad he is gon, a put me to the blush
When a did aske me of ritch *Somerfields* death.

W.S. And tooke not I my q : wast not good,
Did I not bring you off, you arrant drab,
Without a counterbuffe? lookc who comes heere,
And three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men bee wee a.

Enter Bontcher and Constantia.

Bou. Still in this vaine, I haue done you seruice,
The Lawyers house will giue you entertainment,
Bountifull and free. *W.S.* O my second selfe,
Come let me busse thy beard, we are all made,
Why art so melancholly, doost want money?
Looke heer's gold, and as wee passe along,
Ile tell thee how I got it, not a word
But that shee's *Somerfields* heyre, my brother
Swallowes it with more ease, then a Dutchman
Does slap-Dragons : a comes, now to my Lawyers :

Enter T. Small-shanke.

Kisse my wife, good brother ; shee is a wench
Was borne to make vs all. *Th.S.* I hope no lesse,
Yo'are welcome sifter into these our parts,
As I may say. *Fra.* Thankes gentle brother.

W.S. Come now to Ram-alley. There shalt thou lye,
Till I prouide a Priest. *Bou.* O villany!
I thinke a will gull his whole generation,
I must make one, since 'tis so well begun,
Ile not forsake him, till his hopes be wonne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Throate, and two Cittizens.

Thr. Then y'are friends. *Both.* We are, so please your worship.

Thr. 'Tis well, I am glad, keepe your mony, for law
Is like a Butlers box : while you two strive,
That picks vp all your mony, you are friends,

Both. We are so please you, both perfit friends. *Th.* Why so,
Now to the next Tap-house, there drinke downe this,
And by the opperation of the third pot.

Quarrell

MERRY-TRICKS.

Quarrell againe, and come to mee for law :

Fare you well. *Both.* The Gods conferne your wisdom, & Ci.

Thr. Why so, these are tricks of the long fisteenes,
To giue counsell, and to take fees on both sides,
To make 'em friends, and then to laugh at them,
Why this thrives well, this is a common trick :
When men haue spent a deale of mony in law,
Then Lawyers make them friends ; I haue a trick
To go beyond all these, if *Small-shanke* come
And bring rich *Somerfields* heyre, I say no more,
But 'tis within this skonsse to goe beyond them.

Enter Dasha.

Das. Here are Gentlemen in hast would speake with you.

Thr. What are they? *Das.* I cannot know them sir
They are so wrapt in Cloakes. *Thr.* Haue they a woman?

Das. Yes sir, but shee's Maskt, and in her riding sute.

Thr. Goe, make hast, bring them vp with reuerence,
Oh are they ifaith, has brought the wealthy heire:
These stooles and cushions stand not handsomly.

*Enter William Smallshanke, Boutcher. Thomas
Smallshanke, Francis, and Beard.*

W.S. Blessè thee *Throte.* *Thr.* Maister *Smallshanke* welcome.

W.S. Welcome loue, kisse this Gentlewoman, *Throte.*

Thr. Your worship shall command me. *W.S.* Art not weary.

Bou. Can you blame hir since she has rid so hard?

Thr. You are welcome Gentlemen, ---- *Dasha.* *Das.* Sir.

Thr. A fire in the great chamber, quickly.

W.S. I that's well said, we are almost weary,

But Maister *Throte*, if any come to inquire

For me, my brother, or this Gentlewoman,

Wee are not here, nor haue you heard of vs.

Thr. Not a word sir, heere you are as safe
As in your fathers house, *T.S.* And he shall thanke you.

W.S. Th'art not merry loue, good maister *Throte*
Bid this Gentlewoman welcome : she is one
Of whom you may receiue some courtesie
In time. *Thr.* She is most hartty welcome,
VVilt please you walke into another roome,

VVhere

MERY-TRICKS.

Where is both bed and fire, *W. Sm.* I, I, that that
Good brother lead her in, Maister *Throte* and I
Will follow instantly, now Maister *Throte*

Exit.

It rests within your power to pleasure me,
Know that this same is sir *John Somerfields* Heire,
Now if she chance to question what I am,
Say sonne vnto a Lord, I pray thee tell her
I haue a world of land, and stand in hope
To bee created Barron, for I protest
I was constrain'd to sweare it forty times
And yet shee'le scarce belecue mee. *Thro. pauca sapienti,*
Let mee alone to set you out in length
And breadth: *W. Sm.* I prethee doo't effectually:
Shat haue a quarter share by this good light,
In all she has, I prethee forget not
To tell her the *Smal-shankes* haue beene dancers,
Tilters, and very antient Courtiers,
And in request at Court since sir *John Short-hose*
With his long silke stockings was beheaded,
Wilt thou do this? *Thro.* Referre it to my care.

W. Sm. Excellent, Ile but shift my bootes, and then
Goe seeke a Priest, this night I will bee shure,
If we bee shure, it cannot be vndone,
Can it Maister *Throte*? *Thr.* O sir not possible:
You haue many Presidents and booke Cases for't,
Bee you but shure and then let mee alone.

Vivat Rex, currat Lex and Ile defend you.

W. Sm. Nay then hang care, come lets in. *Thr.* A ha,
Haue you stole her, *fallere fallentem non est fraus.* *Exit. W.S.*
It shall goe hard but I will strippe you boy.
You stole the wench, but I must her inioy.

Exit

Enter Mistris Taffata, Adriana, below.

Come *Adriana*, tell me what thou think'st,
I am tickled with conceit of marriage,
And whom think'st thou (for mee) the fittest husband
What saist thou to yong *Bouchor*. *Adri.* A pretty fellow
But that his back is weake, *Taff.* What dost thou say
To *Throte* the Lawier? *Adri.* I like that well,

Were

MERY-TRICKS.

Were the Rogue a Lawyer, but he is none,
He neuer was of any Inne-of-court;
But Inne of Chancery, where a was knowne,
But onely for a swaggering whyfler,
To keepe out rogues, and prentises, I saw him,
When a was stockt for stealing the cookes fees.

A Lawyer I could like, for tis a thing,
Vsed by you Cittizens wiues, your husbands dead;

To get French-hoods you straight must Lawyers wed,

Taf. What saist thou then to Nimble Sir *Olin, Smal-shanck*

Adr. Faith he must hit the haire : a fellow fit,

To make a pritty Cuckold : take an old man,

Tis now the newest fashion, better be

An old mans darling, then a young mans warling,

Take me the old briske Knight, the foole is rich,

And wilbe strong enough to father children,

Though, not to get them. *Taf.* Tis true he is the man,

Yet will I beare some dozen more in hand,

And make them all my gulls. *Adr.* Mistris stand aside.

Enter Bontcher, and Constantia.

Young *Bontcher* comes let me alone to touch him.

Bou. This is the house. *Con.* And thats the chambermaide.

Bou. Whers the widdow gentle *Adriana*,

Adr. The widdow sir is not to be spooke to,

Bou. Not speake to, I must speake with her. *Adr.* Must you!

Come you with authority, or doe you come

To sue her with a warrant that you must speake with her.

Bou. I would Intreat it. *Adr.* O you would intreat it,

May not I serue your turne, may not I vnfold,

Your secrets to my Mistris, loue is your sute,

Bou. It is faire creature. *Adr.* And why did you fall off

When you perceiued my mistris was so cunning,

D'you thinke she is still the same. *Bou.* I doe. *Adr.* Why so,

I tooke you for a nouice; and I must thinke,

You know not yet the inwards of a woman,

Doe you not know that women are like fish,

Which must be strooke when they are prone to byte,

Or all your labours lost, but sir walke here.

D

And

MERY-TRICKS.

And Ile informe my Mistris your desires.

(boy

Con. Maister *Bon.* boy. *Con.* come not you for loue, *Bon.* I do

Con. And you would haue y widdow. *Bo.* I would *Con.* by Ioue

I neuer saw one goe about his busines

More vntowardly: why sir, doe not you know

That he which would be inwatd with the Mistris,

Must make a way first through the waiting mayde?

If youle know the widdowes affecti ons

Feele first the waiting Gentle-woman; do it Maister,

Some halfe a dozen kisses were not lost

Vppon this Gentle-woman, for you must know

These wayting-maids are to their Mistresses

Like Porches vnto doores, you passe the one

Before you can haue entrance at the other:

Or like your musterd to your peece of brawne,

If youle haue one tast well you must not scorne

To bee dipping in the other, I tell you Maister

Tis not a few mens tales which they preferre

Vnto their Mistress, in compasse of a yeare -

Be ruld by me, vntrusse your selfe to her,

Out with all your loue-sicke thoughts to her,

Kisse her and giue her an angell to buy pinnes,

And this shall sooner winne her Mistris loue,

Then all your protestations, sithes and teares.

Enter Taffata, Adriana.

Here they come; to her bouldly Maister

Doe, but dally not, thats the widdowes phrasc,

Bon. Most worthy fayre such is the power of loue

That now I come t'accept your proffered grace,

And with submissiue thoughts t'entreat a pardon

For my so grosse neglect. *Taff.* Theres no offence,

My mind is changed. *Adr.* I told you as much before.

Con. With a hey passe with a repasse. *Bon.* Deereft of women,

The constant vertue of your nobler mind

Speakes in your looks: Nor can you entertaine

Both loue and hate at once. *Taff.* Tis all in vaine. (*Maister*

Adr. You striue against the streame. *Con.* Fee the waitingmaid

Bon. Stand thou propitious, indeere me to thy loue

Bontcher giues *Adriana* his purse scretly.

Adr.

MERRY-TRICKS.

Adr. Deere Mistresse turne to this Gentleman, I protest,
I haue some feeling of his constant loue,
Cast him not away, trye his loue. *Taf.* Why sir,
With what audacious front can you intreat
To inioy my loue, which yet not two houres since,
You scornfully refusd. *Con.* Wel fare the waiting maide.

Bou. My fate compeld me, but now farewell fond feare,
My soule, my life, my lands, and reputation,
Ile hazard all, and prize them all beneath thee.

Taf. Which I shall put to tryall, lend me thy care.

Ad. Can you loue boy. *Co.* Yes. *Ad.* What or whom. *Co.* My

Adr. A pretty knaue, ifaith come home to night, (victuals.
Shalt haue a posset and candi'd Eringoes,
A bed if need be to, I loue a life,

To play with such Babounes as thou. *Con.* Indeed,
But doost thinke the widdow will haue my maister.

Adr. Ile tellthee then, wo't come. *Con.* I wil. *Ad.* Remember.

Taf. Will you perfoime so much. *Bou.* Or loose my bloud.

Taf. Make him subscribe it, and then I vow,
By sacred *Vestaes* euer hallowed fier,

To take thee to my bed. *Bou.* Till when farewell. *Ex.*

Taf. Hee's worthy loue, whose vertues most excell.

Adr. Remember, what ist a match betwixt you Mistresse?

Taf. I haue set the foole in hope, ha's vnder-tooke
To rid me of that fleshly Captaine *Face*,

Which sweares in *Tauernes*, and all *Ordinaries*,

I am his lawfull wife: hee shall allay,

The fury of the Captaine, and I secure,

Will laugh at the disgrace they both indure. *Ex:*

Enter Throte and Francis.

Thr. Open your case, and I shall soone resolue you.

Fra. But will you do it truly. *Thr.* As I am honest.

Fra. This Gentleman whom I so much affect,
I scarcely yet doe know, so blind is loue,

In things which most concernes it, as y'are honest

Tell me his birth, his state, and farthest hopes.

Thr. He is my friend, and I will speake him truly,

He is by birth, sonne to a foolish Knight,

MERY-TRICKS.

His present state I thinke will be the prifon,
And farthest hope to be bailed out againe,
By sale of all your land. *Fra.* O mee accurst,
Has a no credit, Lands and Mannors.

Thr. That lands he has lyes in a faire Church-yard,
And for his manners, they are so rude and vilde,
That scarce an honest man will keepe him company.

Fra. I am abus'd, coolsed, and deceiu'd.

Thr. Why that's his occupation, hee will cheate
In a cloake lin'd with Veluet, a will prate
Faster then fivie Barbers and a Taylor,
Lye faster then ten Citty occupiers,
Or cunning tradesmen : goes a trust
In euery Tauerne where has spent a sager,
Sweares loue to euery whore, squires bawdes,
And takes vp houses for them as their husband.

A is a man I loue, and haue done much
To bring him to preferment. *Fra.* Is there no trust,
No honesty in men. *Thr.* Faith some there is,
And 'tis all in the hands of vs Lawyers
And women, and those women which haue it,
Keepe their honesty so close, that not one
Amongst a hundred is perceiued to haue it.

Fra. Good sir, may I not by law forsake him
And wed another, though my word be past
To be his wife. *Thr.* O questionlesse you may,
You haue many Presidents and booke-cases for't,
Nay, though you were married by a booke-case,
Of *Milesimo sexantesimo, &c.*

You may forsake your husband, and wed another,
Prouided that some fault be in the husband,
As none of them are cleare. *Fra.* I am resolu'd,
I will not wed him, though I beg my bread.

Thr. All that I haue is yours, and were I worthy
To be your husband. *Fra.* I thanke you sir,
I will rather wed a most perfidious Redshanke,
A noted Iewe, or some Mechanick slaue,
Then let him ioy my sheets. *Thr.* A comes, a comes,

Enter

MERRY-TRICKS.

Enter W. Smal. Bontcher, T. Smal. Beard.

W.S. Now my Virago, 'tis done, all's cock-sure,
I haue a Priest will mumble vp a marriage,
Without bell, booke, or candle, a nimble slaue,
A honest Welsh-man that was a Taylor,
But now is made a Curate. *Bea.* Nay y'are fitted.

Bon. Now master Throte. *T.S.* Where's your spirit sister?

W.S. What all *amort*? what's the matter? do you here?

Pou. What's the reason of this melancholly?

Thr. By heauen I know not. *W.S.* Has the gudgin bit.

Fra. He has beene nibling. *W.S.* Hold him to it wench,
And it 'twill hit by heauen: why art so sad?

Footie wench we will be married to night,
Weele sup at th'Myter, and from thence
My brother and we three will to the Sauoy,
Which done, I tell thee girle, weele hand ore head,
Goe to't pell mell for a maiden-head,

Come yo'are lusty, you wenches are like bells,
You giue no musick, till you feele the clapper,

Come *Throte* a tortch, we must be gon. *Fra.* Seruant. *Ex.*

Bea. Mistris. *Fra.* We are vndone. *Bea.* Now *Ioue* forsend.

Fra. This fellow has no land; and which is worse,
Hee has no credit. *Bea.* How are we outstript,
Blowne vp by wit of man: Let vs be gone
Home againe, home againe, our market now is done.

Fra. That were too great a scandall. *Thr.* Most true,
Better to wed another, then to returne
With scandall and defame: wed me a man
Whose wealth may reconcile your mothers loue,
And make the action lawfull. *Bea.* But where's the man?
I like your councell, could you show the man.

Thr. My selfe am he, might I but dare aspyre
Vnto so high a Fortune. *Bea.* Mistrisse, take the man,
Shall we be baffled with faire promises,
Or shall we trudge, like beggers back againe,
No, take this wise and vertuous man,
Who should a lose his legges, his armes, his eares,
His nose, and all his other members,

MERRY-TRICKS.

Yer if his tongue be left 'twill get his liuing,
Take me this man. *Thr.* Thankes gentle maister *Beard.*

Fra 'Tis impossible, this night he meanes to wed mee.

Thr. If not by law, we will with power preuent it,
So you but giue consent. *Fra.* Lets heere the meanes.

Thr. Ile muster vp my friends, and thus I cast it,
Whilst they are busie, you and I will hence
Directly to a Chappell, where a Priest
Shall knit the nuptiall knot ere they persue vs.

Bea O rare inuention, Ile act my part,
A owes mee thirteene pound, I say no more,
But there be catch-poles: speake ist a match.

Fra. I giue my liking. *Thr.* Dash. *Das.* Sir. *Thr.* Get your sword
And me my buckler, nay you shall know

We are *Tam marti quam mercario*,
Bring my cloake, you shall thether, Ile for friends,
Worship and wealth the Lawyers state attends.

Dash, we must beare some braine, to *Saint Johns streete*,
Goe runne, flye: and a farre off enquire,
If that the Lady *Somerfield* be there,
If there, know what newes, and meete me strait
At the Myter doore in *Fleet-streete*, away,
„To get rich wiues, men must not vñ delay.

Actus 3. Scæna 1.

Enter Sir Oliner Smalshanke, Iustice Tutchim.

Iu. Tu. A hunting Sir *Oliner* and drye-foote to,

S. Ol. We old men haue our crotchets, our conundrums,
Our fegares, quirks and quibbles,
As well as youth, *Iustice Tutchim* I goe
To hunt no Buck, but prick a lusty Doe,
I go in truth a wooing. *I. Tu.* Then ride with me,
Ile bring you to my sister *Somerfield*.

S. Ol. Iustice not so: by her there hangs a Tale.

I. Tu. That's true indeed. *S. Ol.* She ha's a daughter.

I. Tu. And what of that. *S. Ol.* I likewise haue a sonne,
A villanous Boy, his father vp and downe,
What should I say, these Veluet bearded boyes,

Will

MERY-TRICKS.

Will still be doing, say what we old men can,

I. Tu. And what of this Sir *Oliuer*, be plaine,

S. Oli. A nimble spirited knaue, the villaine boy,
Has one ricke of his fier, has got the wench.

Stolne your ritch Sisters heire. *I. Tu.* *Somer-fields* heire,

S. Ol. Has done the deed, has peirst the vessells head,
And knowes by this the vintage. *I. Tu.* when should this be,

Si. Ol. As I am by my councell well informed,
This very day, *I. Tu.* Tut It cannot be,
Some ten miles hence I saw the maid last night.

S. Ol. Maides may be maides to night and not to morrow.
Women are free and sell their maiden-heads,
As men sell cloth, by yard and handfull,
But if you chaunce to see your Sister widdow,
Comfort her teares and say her daughters matcht,
With one that has a knocker to his Father,
An honest Noble Knight. *I. Tu.* Stand close Knight, close,
And marke this Captaines humor, his name is *Puffe*,
Adreames as a walkes, and thinkes no woman

Enter Captaine Puffe.

Sees him but is in loue with him. *Pu.* Twere braue,
If some great Lady, through a window spide me,
And straight should loue me, say she should send,
5000. pound vnto my Lodging,

And craue my company: with that mony,
I would make three feuerall cloakes, and line them
With blacke, Crimson, and Tawny three pyl'd veluet,
I would eate at *Chares* Ordinary, and dice

At *Antonies*: then would I keepe my whore,
In beaten veluet and, haue two slaues to tend her.

Si. Ol. Ha ha ha. *Puf.* What my case of Iustices,
What are you caues-dropping or doe you thinke,
Your tawny coates with gresie facings here,
Shall carry it? Sir *Oliuer Smal-shankes*,
Know my name is *Puffe*, Knight, thee haue I sought,
To fright thee from thy wits. *I. Tu.* Nay good Sir *Puffe*,
We haue to many mad men already.

Pu. How? I tell thee Iustice *Tuchim*, not all

Thy

MERRY-TRICKS.

Thy Baylifes, Sergants busie Constables,
Defendants, warrants, or thy Mittimusses,
Shall saue his throte from cutting if he presume,
To woe the widdow eclipsed *Tafata*,
Shee is my wife by oth. Therefore take heed,
Let me not catch thee in the widdowes house,
If I doe, Ile picke thy head vpon my sword,
And pisse in thy very visnomy, beware, beware.
Come there no more, a Captains word,
Flies not so feirce as doth his fatall sword,

Exit Puffe.

Si. O. How like you this, shall we indure this thunder,
Or goe no further. *I. Tu.* We will on *Sir Oliuer*,
We will on, let me aloue to touch him,
I wounder how my spirit did forbear,
To strike him on the face: had this beene spoke,
Within my Liberties, had dyed for it.

Enter Cap. Puffe.

Si. Ol. I was about to draw. *Pu.* If you come there,
Thy beard shall serue to stuffe, those balls by which
I get me heat at Tenice. *I. Tu.* Is he gon. *Exit Puffe.*
I would a durst a stood to this awhile,
Well I shall catch him in a narrow rome,
Where neither of vs can flinch; If I do,
Ile make him daunce a trenchmoor to my sword,
Come Ile along with you to the widdow.
We will not be out-braued, take my word,
Weele not be wronged while I can draw a sword.

[Exit.]

Enter Throte and other Gentlemen.

Thr. Let the Cotch stay at Showlane end: be ready,
Let the boote stand open, and when she's in:
Hurry towards Saint *Gyles* in the field,
As if the Diuell himselfe were wagoner,
Now for an arme of oake, and heart of Steele,
To bare away the wench, to get a wife,
A gentlewoman, a maid, nay which is more,
An honest maid, and which is most of all,
A rich and honest maid: O *Ioue Ioue!*
For a man to wed such a wife as this,

MERRY-TRICKS.

Is to dwell in the very suburbs of Heauen,

1.Gen. Is she so exquesite, *Thr.* Sir she is rich
And a great heire. *2.Gen.* Tis the more dangerous,

Thr. Dangerous? Lord where be those gallant spirits,
The time has beene when scarce an honest woman,
Much lesse a wench could passe an Inn of court,
But some of the fry would haue bene doing
With her: I knew the day when Shreds a Taylor
Comming once late by an Inne of Chancerie,
Was layd a long, and muffled in his cloake,
His wife tooke in, Styght vp, turnd out againe,
And he perswaded all was but in iest,
Tut those braue boyes are gone, these which are left,
Are wary lads, liue poring on their bookes,
And giue their lynnens to their landresses,
By taylor, they now can saue their purses,
I knew when euery gallant had his man.
But now a twelpenny weekly Landresse,
Will serue the turne to halfe a dosen of them,

Enter Dash.

Here comes my man, what newes. *Dash.* As you would wish.
The Lady *Somer-field* is come to towne,
Her horses yet are walking, and her men say,
Her onely daughter, is conuayd away,
Noe man knowes how: now to it mast,
You and your Seruant *Dash* are made for euer
If you but sticke to it now. *Thr.* Gentlemen,
Now show your selues at full, and not a man,
But shares a fortune with me if I speed.

Enter William Smal-shanke Boutcher: Thomas Smal-shanke, Francis and Bear. with a torch.

1.Gen. Tut feare not vs be shure you runne away,
And wee le performe the quarrell. *Thr.* Stand close, they come,
W.S. Art sure he wil be here *Fr.* Most sure. *W.S. Beard.* Be. Sir.
W.S. Beare vp the torch, and keepe your way apace
Directly to the Sauoy. *Th.S.* Haue you a Lycence,
Looke to that brother before you marry,
For feare the Parson loose his benifice.

MERRY-TRICKS.

Wi.S. Tut our Curat craues no lycence, a sweres
His liuing cam to him by a miracle,

Bou. How by miracle? *Wi.S.* Why a paid nothing fort,
A swares that few be free from Symony,
But onely welchmen, and those a sayes to,
Are but mountayne Priests. *Bou.* But hang him foole he lies,
Whats his reason? *Wi.S.* His reason is this,
That all their liuings are so rude and bare,
That not a man, will venter his damnation
By giuing mony for them: a does protest,
There is but two paire, of hoose, and shooes,
In all his Parish. 1. *Gen.* Hold vp your light Sir.

Bea. Shall I be taught how to aduance my torch, (an asse.

W.S. Whats the matter Lieftenant. 2. *Ge.* Your Lieftenants

Bea. How an asse; die men like dogs. *W.S.* hold gentlemen.

Bea. An asse, an asse. *Th.S.* Hold brother hold, Lieftenant.

Put vp as you are men, your wife is gonne. (plot,

W.S. Gone. *Bou.* Gone. *W.S.* How, which way? this is some

T.S. Downe toward Ficete bridge. *All.* Follow, follow, fol-

1. *Gen.* So has the wentch let vs persue a loose, (low. *Ex.*

And see the euent, this will proue good mirth,

When things vnshapde shall haue a perfit birth.

Exit.

Enter W. Smal-shanke Boucher, Thom. Smal.

and Beard, their swords drawne.

W.S. Tis a thing vnpossible, they should be gon-

Thus far and we not see them. *T.S.* Vpon my life.

They went in by the Grey-hound, and so strooke,

Into Bridewell. *Bou.* What should she make there;

T.S. Take water at the docke. *Bea.* Water at Docke,

A fico for her Docke, youle not be ruld.

Youle stil be obstinate, Ile pawne my fate,

She tooke along shew-lane, and so went home,

W.S. Home. *Bea.* I home; how could shee chose but go;

Seeing so many naked tooles at once,

Drawne in the streete? *T.S.* What scuruy lucke was this,

W.S. Come we will find her, or weele fire the Suburbs,

Put vp your tooles, letts first along show-lane,

Then strait vp Holborne, If we find her not;

Wele

MERRY-TRICKS.

Weele thence direct to *Throtes*, if she be lost
I am vndone and all your hopes are crost.

Exit.

*Enter Sir Oliuer Smalesbankes, Iustice Tutchim,
Mistris Tafata, Adriana.*

Sir Ol. Widdow I must be short. *In. Tu. Sir Oliuer,*
Will you shame your selfe, ha? You must be short,
Why what a word was that to tell a widdow?

Sir Ol. I ment I must be breefe. *In. Tut.* Why say so then,
Yet thats almost as ill; go to, speake on.

Sir Ol. Widdow I must be breefe, what old men doe,
They must doe quickly. *Taf.* Then good sir do it,
Widdowes are sildome slow to put men to it.

Sir Ol. And old men know their *q's*, my Loue you knowe,
Has beene protested long, and now I come
To make my latest tender, an old growne oake
Can keepe you from the raine, and stands as fayre
And portly as the best. *Taf.* Yet search him well,
And wee shall find no pithe or hearty Timber
To vnderlay a building. *In. Tu.* I would that Oake
Had beene a fire: Forward good sir *Oliuer*,
Your Oake is naught: sticke not too much to that.

Sir Ol. If you can like, you shall be Ladified,
Liue at the court, and soone bee got with child,
What do you thinke we old men can do nothing? (*wels,*
In. Tut. This was somewhat like: *Sir Ol.* You shall haue Ie-
A Baboone, Parrat, and an Izeland Dog,
And I my selfe to beare you company.
Your Ioynter is five hundred pound by yeere,
Besides your Plate, your Chaines and houshold stuffe,
When enuious fate shall change this mortall life.

Taf. But shall I not be ouer-cloyde with loue?
Will you nor be too busie? shall I keepe
My chamber by the moneth, if I bee pleas'd
To take Physick, to send for Visitants,
To haue my maide read *Amadis de Gaule*,
Or *Donzel del Phaebo* to me? shall I haue
A Carotch of the last edition,
The Coatch-mans seate a good way from the Coatch,

MERRY-TRICKS.

That if some other Ladies and my selfe
Chance to talke bawdy, he may not ouer-heare vs.

S.Ol. All this and more. *Taf.* Shall we haue two chambers?
And will you not presume vnto my bed,
Till I shall call you by my waiting maide.

S.Ol. Not I by heauen. *Taf.* And when I send her,
Will you not intice her to your lust,
Nor tumble her before you come to me.

Adr. Nay let him do his worst, make your match sure,
And feare not me, I neuer yet did feare
Any thing my maister could doe to mee. *Knock.*

Taf. What noyse is that, goe see *Adriana*,
And bring me word : I am so haunted
With a swaggering Captaine, that sweares God blesse vs
Like a very *Tarmagant*, a Raskall knaue, *Enter*
That saies he will kill all men which seekes to wed me. *Adr.*

Adr. O Mistrisse ! Captaine *Puffe* halfe drunke, is now
Comming vp staires. *S.Ol.* O God haue you no roome
Beyond this Chamber, has sworne to kill me,
And pisse in my very visnomy,

Taf. What are you afraid *Sir Oliner*? *S.Ol.* Not affraid,
But of all men I loue not to meddle with a Drunkard :
Haue you any Rome backwards. *Taf.* None Sir.

Iu. Tu. Is there nere a Trunke or Cubbert for him,
Is there nere a hole backwards to hide him in.

Cap. Pu. I must speake with her. *S.Ol.* O God a comes.

Adr. Creepe vnder my Mistrisse Farthingale Knight,
That's the best and safest place in the Chamber.

I. Tu. I there, there, that he will neuer mistrust.

Adr. Enter Knight, keepe close, gather your selfe
Round like a Hedge-hog, stirre not what ere you heere,
See or smell Knight, God blesse vs, here a comes. *Ent. C. Puff.*

Ca. Pu. Blesse thee widdow and wife. *Taf.* Sir get you gon.
Leaue my house, or I will haue you coniu'd
With such a spell, you neuer yet haue heard of,
Haue you no other place to vent your froth,
But in my house, is this the fittest place,
Your Captaineship can find to puff in : ha !

Ca. Pu.

MERRY-TRICKS.

Ca. Pu. How, am I not thy spouse, didst thou not say,
These armes should clip thy naked body fast,
Betwixt two linnen sheetes, and be sole Lord
Of all thy pewter worke, thy word is past,
And know that man is powder, dust, and earth,
That shall once dare to thinke thee for his wife.

Taf. How now you slaue, one call the Constable.

C. Pus. No Constable with all his Holberteeres,
Dare once aduance his head, or peepe vp staires,
If I crye but keepe downe: haue I not liu'd,
And marched on the sieged walles,
In thunder, lightning, raine, and snow,
And eake in shotte of powdered balls,
Whose costly markes are yet to show?

Taf. Capitaine Face, for my last husbands sake,
With whom you were familiarly acquainted,
I am content to winke at these rude tricks,
But hence, trouble me no more, if you doe,
I shall lay you fast, where you shall see
No Sunne or Moone. *C. Pus.* Nor yet the Northen Pole,
A fico for the Sunne and Moone, let me liue in a hole,
So these two starres may shine. *Taf.* Sir, get you gon,
You swaggering, cheating, Turne-bul-streete roague,
Or I will hale you to the common-layle,
Where Lyce shall eate you. *C. Pu.* Go to, I shall spurne
And slash your petti-coate. *Taf.* Runne to the Counter,
Fetch me a red-bearded Sargeant, Ile make
You Capitaine thinke the Deuill of hell is come
To fetch you, if hee once fasten on you.

C. Pu. Dambe thee & thy Sergeants, thou Mercers Punke.
Thus will I kick thee and thy Farthingales.

S. Ol. Hold Capitaine. *C. Pu.* What do you cast your whelps?
What haue I found you sir? haue not I plapt
My Sakers, Culuerings, Demi-culuerings,
My Cannons, Demi-cannons, Basilisks,
Vpon her breach, and do I not stand,
Ready with my Pike to make my entry,
And are you come to man her? *S. Ol.* Good Capitaine hold.

MERRY-TRICKS.

C.Pu. Are not her Bulwarkes, Parrapets, Trenches,
 Scarfes, Counter-scarfes, Fortifications,
 Curtaines, Shadowses, Mines, Counter-mines,
 Rampires, Forts, Ditches, Workes, Water-workes,
 And is not her halfe-moone mine, and do you bring
 A rescue good-man Knight *Taf.* Call vp my men, *Enter 2.*
 Where be these knaues, haue they no ears or hearts, *or 3. with*
 Beate hence this rascall, some other fetch a warrant, *clubs.*
 Ile teach him know himselfe. *I.Tu.* Downe with the slaue.

S.Ol. 'Tis not your beard shall cary it, down with the rogue.

C.Pu. Not *Hercules* gainst twenty. *I.Tu.* A sirra, *Ex: Face*
 I knew my hands no longer could forbear him,
 Why did you not strike the Knaue, sir *Oliuer*?

S.Ol. Why so I did. *I.Tu.* But then it was too late.

S.Ol. What would you haue me do when I was downe,
 And hee stood thundring with his weapon drawne,

Enter Adriana.

Ready to cut my throte. *Adr.* The roague is gon,
 And heer's one from the Lady *Somerfield*,
 To intreat you come with all the speed you can,
 To *Saint Iohns streete*. *I.Tu.* Which I wil do. *Taf.* Gentlemen
 I am sorry you should be thus disturbed
 Within my house, but now all feare is past,
 You are most welcome: supper ended,
 Ile giue a gracious answer to your sute,
 Meane while let nought dismay, or keepe you mute. *Ex.*

Enter Throte, Francis, and Dash.

Thr. Pay the Coatch-man *Dash*, pay him well,
 And thanke him for his speed. Now *Vinat Rex*,
 The knot is knit, which not the law it selfe,
 With all his *Hydra* heads and strongest nerues,
 Is able to disioyne: Now let him hang,
 Fret out h's guts, and sweare the starres from Heauen,
 A neuer shall enioy you, you shall be rich.
 Your Lady mother this day came to towne
 In your pursute: wee will but shift some ragges,
 And strait goe take her blessing. *Fra.* That must not be,

Furnish

MERRY-TRICKS.

Furnish me with Jewels, and then my selfe,
 Attended by your man and honest Beard,
 Will thither first, and with my Lady mother
 Craue a peace for you. *Thr.* I like that well,
 Her anger some-what calm'd, I brisk and fine,
 Some halfe houre after will present my selfe
 As sonne in law vnto her, which she must needs
 Accept with gracious lookes. *Fra.* I when shee knowes
 Before by me, from what an eminent plague
 Your wisdome has preseru'd me. *Thr.* I, that, that,
 That will strike it dead: but heere comes Beard.

Enter Beard.

Bea. What are you sure, tide fast by heart and hand.

Thr. I now do call her wife, she now is mine,
 Seald and deliuered by an honest Priest,
 At *Saint Giles* in the field. *Bea.* God giue you ioy sir.

Thr. But where's mad *Smal-shanke*. *Bea.* O hard at hand,
 And almost mad with losse of his faire bride,
 Let not my louely Mistresse bee scene,
 And see if you can draw him to compound
 For all his title to her, I haue Sargiants
 Ready to do the feate, when time shall serue.

Thr. Stand you aside deere loue nay I will firke
 My silly nouice, as he was neuer firkt
 Since Midwines bound his noddle: heere they come.

Enter W. Smal'sh. Th. Smal'sh. and Boucher.

W.S. O Maister *Throte*, vnlesse you speake good newes,
 My hopes are crost, and I vndone for euer.

Thr. I neuer thought you'd come to other end,
 Your courses haue beene alwayes so prophane,
 Extrauagant and base. *W.S.* Nay good sir heare?
 Did not my loue retorne? came she not hether,
 For *Ioues* loue speake. *Thr.* Sir will you get you gon,
 And seeke your loue elsewhere; for know my house
 Is not to entertaine such customers!

As you and your comrades. *W.S.* Is the man mad,
 Or drunke, why Maister *Throte* know you to whom
 You talke so sawcily? *Thr.* Why vnto you,

And

MERRY-TRICKS.

And to your brother *Smale-shaneks*, will you be gon?

Bou. Nay good sir hold vs not in this suspence,
Answered directly, came not the Virgin hether.

Thr. Will you be gon directly, are you mad?
Come you to seeke a Virgin in Ram-alley
Soe neere an Inne of Court, and amongst Cookes,
Ale-men and Landresses, why are you fooles?

W.Sm. Sir leaue this firk of law, or by this light
Ile giue your throte a slit, came she not hether?
Answered to that poynt. *Thr.* What, haue you lost her?
Come doe not gull your frinds. *W.Sm.* By heauen she's gon
Vnlesse she be return'd since wee last left you.

Thr. Nay then I cry you mercy, she came not hether
As'am an honest man: Ist possible
A maid so louely, fayre, so well demeand,
Should be tooke from you? what from you three?
So yong, so braue and valliant Gentlemen?
Sure it cannot bee. *T.Sm.* A fore God tis true.

W.Sm. To our pepetuell shames tis now too true.

Thr. Is she not left behind you in the Tauerne;
Are you shure you brought her out? were you not drunke
And so forgot her? *W.Sm.* A pox on all such luck,
I will find her, or by this good light
Ile fire all the Citty, come let's goe,
Who euer has her shall not long enioy her,
Ile proue a contract, lets walke the round,
Ile haue her if shee keepe aboue the ground.

Exit.

Thr. Ha ha ha, a makes me sport. ifaith
The gull is mad, starke mad, *Dash* draw the bond
And a release of all his interest
In this my loued wife, *Bea.* I be sure of that,
For I haue certaine gobblins in buffe Ierkins *Enter with the*
Lye in ambuscado for him. *Off.* I arrest you sir: *Sargeants.*

W.Sm. Reskue, resku. *Th.* O he is caught. *W.Sm.* Ile giue
Hang off honest catch-poles *M. Thr.* good, wise, (you baile
Learned, and honest maister *Throte*, now, now,
Now or neuer helpe me.. *Thro.* Whats the matter?

W.Sm. Here are two retainers, hangers on sir,

Which

MERRY-TRICKS.

Which will consume more then ten liueries,
If by your meanes they be not strait shooke off:

I am arrested. *Thr.* Arrested? what's the summe?

W.S. But thirteene pound, due to *Beard* the Butler,
Do but baile me, and I will saue you harmelesse.

Thr. Why heer's the end of Ryot, I know the law,
If you be baid by me, the debt is mine,

Which I will vndertake. *W.S.* Law there; Roagues,

Foote I know hee would not let me want

For thirteene pounds. *Thr.* Prouided, you scale a release,
Of all your claime to *Mistresse Somerfield.*

W.S. Sergeants doe your kinde, hale me to the hole,

Seale a releale, Sargeants come, to prison,

Seale a release for *Mistresse Somerfield,*

First I will stinck in layle, be eate with Lyce,

Indure an obiekt worse then the Deuill himselfe,

And that's ten Sergeants peeping through the grates

Vpon my lowsie linnen, come to layle,

Foote a release. *T.S.* Ther's no conscience in it.

Bon. 'Tis a demand vncharitable. *Thr.* Nay choose,

Fra. I can hold no longer, impudent man.

W.S. My wife, foote my wife, let me go Sergiants.

Fra. O thou perfidious man, darst thou presume

To call her wife, whom thou so much hast wrong'd,

What conquest hast thou got, to wrong a maide,

A silly harmelesse maide? what glory ist

That thou hast thus deceiued a simple Virgin,

And brought her from her friends? what honor wast

For thee to make the Butler loose his office

And runne away with thee. Your tricks are knowne,

Didst thou not sweare thou shouldst be Baroniz'd?

And hadst both lands and fortunes? both which thou wantst.

W.S. Foote that's not my fault, I would haue lands

If I could get em. *Fra.* I know your trick;

And know I now am wise vnto this man.

Omn. How? *Thr.* I thanke her sir, she has now vouchsaf

To cast her selfe on me, *Fra.* Therefore subscribe,

Take some-what of him for a full release,

MERY-TRICKS.

And pray to God to make you an honest man,
If not, I doe protest by earth and Heauen,
Although I starue, thou neuer shalt inioy me.

Bea. Her row is past, nor will she breake her word;
Looke to it mitcher. *Fra.* I hope a will compound.

W.S. Foote shall I giue two thousand pound a yeare
For nothing. *T.S.* Brother come, be rul'd by me,
Better to take a little then loose all.

Bon. You see shee's resolute, y'had best compound:

W.S. Ile first be damn'd ere I will lose my right,
Vnlesse a giue me vp my forfit morgage,
And baile me of this action. *Fra.* Sir you may choose,
What's the morgage worth? *W.S.* Lets haue no whispering.

Thr. Some forty pounds a yeare. *Fra.* Doe it, doe it,
Come you shall do it, we will be rid of him
At any rate. *Thr.* *Dash*, go fetch his morgage,
See that your friends be bound, you shall not claime
Title, right, possession in part or whole,
In time to come, in this my loued wife:
I will restore the morgage, pay this debt,
And set you free. *W.S.* They shall not. *Bon.* We will,
Come draw the bonds, and we will soone subscribe them.

Enter Dash.

Thr. They're ready drawne; here's his release,
Sergiant's let him goe. *Dash.* Here's the morgage sir.

W.S. Was euer man thus cheated of a wife:
Is this my morgage. *Thr.* The very same sir.

W.S. Well I will subscribe, God giue you ioy,
Although I haue but little cause to wish it,
My heart will scarce consent vnto my hand,
Tis done. *Thr.* You giue this as your deeds. *Omn.* We doe,

Thr. Certifie them *Dash.* *W.S.* What am I free.

Thr. You are, Sargeants I discharge you,
There's your fees. *Bea.* Not so, I must haue money.

Thr. Ile passe my word. *Bea.* *Foutre*, words are winde,
I say I must haue money. *Thr.* How much sir.

Bea. Three pounds in hand, and all the rest to morrow.

Thr. Ther's your summe, now officers begon,

Each

MERRY-TRICKS.

Each take his way, I must to Saint *Iohns streete*,
And see my Lady-mother: shee's now in towne,
And we to her shall straite present our duties.

T.S. O *Ioue* shall we loose the wench thus. W.S. Even thus
Throte farewell, since 'tis thy luck to haue her,
I still shall pray, you long may liue together:
Now each to his affaires. *Thr.* Good night to all, *Ex.*
Deare wife step in, *Beard* and *Dash* come hether:
Heere take this money: goe borrow Iewels
Of the next Gold-smith: *Beard* take thou these bookes,
Goe both to the Broakers in Fetter lane,
Lay them in pawne for a Veluet Ierken
And a double Ruffe, tell him a shall haue
As much for loane to night, as I do giue
Vsually for a whole circuit, which done
You two shall man her to her mothers: goe, *Ex.*
My fate lookes big; me thinkes I see already,
Nineteene gold chaines, seauenteene great beards, and ten
Reuerent bald heads, proclaime my way before me,
My Coatch shall now go prancing through Cheapside,
And not be forst to hurry through the streetes,
For feare of Sargeants: nor shall I need to trye,
Whether my wel-graft tumbling foot-cloth nag,
Be able to out-runne a wel-breath'd Catchp: ole,
I now in pompe will ride, for 'tis most fit,
Hee should haue state that riseth by his wit. *Ex.*

Actus 4. Scena. 1.

Sir Oliuer, Iustice Tutchim, Taffata, Adriana.

S.Ol. Good meate the belly filis, good wine the braine,
Women please men, men pleasure them againe,
Ka me, ka thee, one thing must rub another,
English loue Scots, VVelsbmen loue each other.

I.Tu. You say very right sir *Oliuer*, very right,
I haue't in my noddle ifaith, That's all the fault
Old Iustices haue, when they are at feasts,
They wil bib hard, they wilbe fine: Sun-burnt

MERY-TRICKS.

Sufficient, foxt, or Columberd now and than,
Now could I sit in my charyre at home and no d
A drunkard to the flocks, by vertue of,
The last statute rarely, *Taf.* Sir you are merry,

I.Tu. I am indeed. *Taf.* Your supper fit was light.
But I hope you thinke you welcome. *I.Tu.* I doe,
A light supper quoth you, pray God it be,
Pray god I carry it cleanly, I am shure it lies,
As heauy in my beky as moult lead,
Yet Ile goe see my Sister *Sommerfield*,

Si.O. So late good Iustice. *I.Tu.* I euen so late,
Night is the mother of wit, as you may see,
By Poets or rather *Cunstable*s
In their examinations at midnight,
Weele lie together without marrying,
Saue the Curats fees, and the parish a labour,
Tis a thriuing course. *S.O.* That may not be,
For excommunications then will flee.

I.Tu. Thats true, they fly indeed like wild-geese,
In flocks, one in the breech of another.
But the best is a small matter stayes them,
And so farwell. *S.O.* Farwell good Iustice *Tutchin*, *Exit.*
Alasse good gentleman his braines are erased,
But let that passe : speake widdow ist a match,
Shall we clap it vp. *Adr.* Nay if t come to clapping,
Good night ifaith Mistris looke before you,
Theres nothing more dangerous to maide or widdow,
Then suddaine clappings vp, nothing has spoyld,
So many proper ladies as clappings vp.
Your shittill-cocke, striding from tables to ground,
Onely to try the strength of the backe,
Your riding a hunting, I though they fall,
With their heels vpward, and lay as if
They were taking the height, of some high starre
With a crosse staffe noe nor your iumlings
In horsflitters, coatches or earoatches,
Haue spoyld so many women as clappings vp,

Si.O. Why then weele chop it vp. *Taf.* Thats not allowed.

Vnlesse

MERY-TRICKS.

Vnlesse you were sonne to a welch Curate:
But faith sir Knight I haue a kind of Itching,
To be a Lady, that I can tell you woes,
And can perswade with better rethorick,
Then oathes, wit, welth, v alour, lands, or person,
I haue some debts at court, and marrying you,
I hope the Courtier will not sticke to pay me,

Si.Ol. Neuer feare thy payment. This I will say,
For Courtiers theyle be shure to pay each other,
How ere they deale with Cittizens. *Ta.* Then heres my hand,
I am your wise condition we be ioynd,
Before to morrows sunne. *Si.O.* Nay euen to night,
So you be pleas'd with little warning widdow,
We old men can be ready, and thou shalt see,
Before the time that chanticlere,
Shall call and tell the day is neere,
When wentches lying on their backs,
Receiue with ioy their loue-stolne smacks,
When maids awak't from their first sleepe,
Deceiu'd with dreames begin to weepe,
And thinke if dreames, sutch pleasures know,
What sport the substance them would show,
When Ladies gin white Lymmes to spred,
Her loue but new stolne to her bed,
His cotten shoues yet scarce put off,
And deares not laugh, speake, sneeze, or cough,
When precise dames begin to thinke,
Why their grosse souring husbands stincke,
What pleasure twere then to inioy,
A nimble vickar, or a boy.
Before this time thou shalt behold,
Me quaffing out our brydall boole.

Adr. Then belike before the morning Sunne
You will be coupled. *Taf.* Yes faith *Adriana,*

Adr. Well I will looke you shall haue a cleane smocke,
Prouided that you pay the fee *Sir Oliuer,*
Since my Mistris sir will be a Lady,
Ile loose no fees due to the wayting maid.

MERRY-TRICKS.

S.Ol. Why is there a fee belonging to it.

Adr. A Knight and neuer heard of smocke fees,
I would I had the monopoly of them,
So there were no impost set vpon them :

Enter W.Sm.

S.Ol. Whom haue wee heere what my mad-headed sonne
What makes he here so late? say I am gone,
And I the whilest will step behind the hangings.

W.S. God Blesse thee parcell of mans flesh, *Ta.* How fir,

W.S. Why parcell of mans flesh art not a woman?
But widdow whers the old stinkerd my father,
They say widdow you dance altogether.
After his pipe. *Ta.* What then. *W.S.* Thar't a foole,
He assure thee theres no musick in it.

Ta. Can you play better.

W.S. Better widdow?

Bloud dost thinke I haue not learnt my pricke song,
What not the court pricksong? one vp and another downe,
Why I haue't to a hare by this light,
I hope thou louest him not. *Ta.* He marry him fir,

W.S. How marry him, foote art mad widdow,
Woot marry an old crased man,
With meager lookes, with visage wan,
With littell legs and cryncled thies,
With Chapfalne gummes and deepe sunke eyes,
Why a dog seazd on ten daies by death
Stinkes nor so loathsome as his breath,
Nor can a citty commoniaques,
Which all mens Breeches vndertakes,
Yeeld fasting stomakes such a sauour.
As doth his breath, and vgly fauour. *S.O.* Rogue,

Adr. Thats all one fir she meanes to be a Lady,

W.S. Does she so, and thou must be her waiting woman.
Faith thou wilt make a fine dainty creature,
To sit at a chamber doore and looke fleas,
In thy Ladies dog while she is showing,
Some slippery britcht Courtier rare faces,
In a by window, foote widdow,
Marry me a young and compleate gallant,

Tafa.

MERY-TRICKS.

Taf. How a compleat gallant? what? a fellow,
With a hat tuck't vp behind, and what we vse,
About our hips to keepe our coates from dabling,
He weares about his necke, a farthingale:
A standing coller to keepe his neate band cleane,
The whilst his shirt does stinke, and is more foule,
Then an in of chancery table cloth,
His breeches must be pleyted as if a had
Some thirty pockets, when one poore halpeny purse,
Will carry all his treasure, his knees all points,
As if his legs and hammes were tyde together,
A fellow that has noe inside, but prates
By roate, as players, and parrotts vse to doe,
And to define a compleat gallant right,
A mercer form'd him, a taylor made him,
And a player giues him spright,

Wi.Sm. Why so, in my conscience to be a Countesse,
Thou wouldst marry a hedg-hog: I must confesse,
Tis state to haue a coxe-combe kisse your hands,
While yet the chamberly is scarce wypte off,
To haue an vpright vsier march before you,
Bare headed in a Tustafata ierkin
Maide of your old cast gowne, shewes passing well,
But when you feele your husbands pulses, thats hell,
Then you fly out and bid strait-smockes farwell,

Taf. I hope sir what ere our husbands be,
We may be honest. *W.S.* May be; nay y'are,
Women and honesty are as neere alyde,
As parsons liues are to their doctrines,
One and the same: but widdow now be ruld,
I hope the heauens will giue thee better grace,
Then to accept the father and I yet liue,
To be bestowed, if you wed the flinckerd,
You shall find the tale of *Tantalus*
To be noe fable widdow. *Si.* O! How I sweate,
I can hold noe longer, degenerate bastard,
I here disclayme thee, casheere thee, nay more,
I disinherite thee both of my loue.

And:

MERRY TRICKS.

And liuing, get thee a gray cloake and hat
 And walke in Paules amongst thy casheerd mates
 As malancholly as the best: *Taf.* Come not neere me,
 I forbid the my house, my out-houses,
 My Garden, Orchard, and my backe-side,
 Thou shalt not harbor neere me. *Sir Ol.* Nay to thy greefe,
 Know varlet I will be wed this morning,
 Thou shalt not bee there, nor once be grac'd
 With a peece of Rosemary: He casheere thee,
 Do not reply, I will not stay to heare thee. *Exit.*

W.Sm: Now may I goe put me on a cleane shirt
 And hang my selfe, foot who would haue thought
 The Foxe had earth'd so neere me; whats to bee done?
 What miracle shall I now vndertake
 To winne respectiue gr. — with God and men?
 What if I turn'd Courtier and liu'd honest?
 Sure that would do it: I dare not walke the streets,
 For I dwindle at a Sargeant in buffe
 Almost as much as a new Player does
 At a plague bill certified forty:
 Well I like this widdow, a lusty plumpe drab
 Has substance both in bretch and purse,
 And pittie and sinne it were she should be wed
 To a furd cloacke and a night-cap. He haue her,
 This widdow I will haue: her money
 Shall pay my debts and set me vp againe,
 Tis heere, tis almost forg'd, which if it take,
 The world shall praise my wit, admire my fate. *Exit.*

Enter Beard, Dash, Francis, Sargeant, Drawers.

Bea. Sargeants beware, be sure you not mistake,
 For If you do. *Dash.* She shall be quickly bayld:
 She shal *Corpus cum causa* be remou'd,
 Your action entred first below, shall shrinke,
 And you shall find sir Sargeant she has friends
 Will sticke to her in the common place: *Sar.* Sir
 Will you procure her bayle: *Bea.* She shall be baylde,
 Drawer bring vp some wine, vse her well,
 Her husband is a Gentleman of sort

Sar.

MERRY-TRICKS.

Sa. A Gentleman of sort, why what care I:
A woman of her fashion shall find
More kindnesse at a lusty Sargeants hand
Then ten of your Gentlemen of sort.

Dasb. Sir vse her well, shee's wife to Maister *Throats*:

Sar. Ile vse her fir as if she were my wife,
Would you haue any more. *Bea.* Drinke vppon that
Whil'st wee go fetch her bayle. *Dasb.* fellow *Dasb*,
With all the speed thou hast runne for our Maister,
Make hast least hee be gone before thou comest,
To *Ladie Somersfields*: Ile fetch another,
She shall haue baile. *Dasb.* And a firking writte
Of false imprisonment, she shall be sure
Of twelue-pence damage, and fiue and twenty pound
For sutes in law: Ile goe fetch my Maister, *Exit.*

Bea. And I another: *Sar.* Drawer leaue the Roome
Heere Mistris a health: *Fra.* Let it come sweet Rogue.

Dra: I, say you soe: then must I haue an eye,
These Sargeants feede on very good reuerfions,
On Capons, Teales, and sometimes on a Wodcock
Hot from the shrieues owne table, the knaues feed well
Which makes them horrid letchers. *Fra.* This health is pledgd
And honest Sargeant how does maister *Gripe* *The Drawer*
The keeper of the Counter, I do protest *stands aside.*
I found him alwayes fauorable to mee,
A is an honest man, has often stood to me,
And beene my friend and let me goe à trust
For victuall when a denied it knights: but come,
Lets pay and then begon, th'arrest you know
Was but a trick to get from nimble *Dasb*
My husbands man: *Sar.* True but I haue an action
At sute of Mistrisse, *Sel-smocke*, your *quandam* Baude,
The summe is eyght good pound, for six weekes board,
And fiue weekes loane for a red *Tafata* gowne
Bound with a siluer lace: *Fra.* I doe protest,
By all the honesty twixt thee and mee,
I got her in that gowne in sixe weekes space
Foure pound and foureteene pence giuen by a Clarke.

MERRY-TRICKS.

Of an Inne of Chancerie, that night I came
Out of her house, and does the filthy Iade
Send to me for money? but honest Sergeant,
Let me go, and say thou didst not see me,
He doe thee as great a pleasure shortly.

Sar. Shall we imbrace to night. *Fra.* With all my heart.

Ser. Sit on my knee and kisse, *Enter Beard,*

Bea. What news boy? why stand you Centinell?

Dra. Do but conceale your selfe, and we shall catch
My Sergeant napping. *Bea.* Shall maides be heere deflowred,

Sar. Now kisse againe. *Dra.* Now, now. *Enter Cap. and*

Bea. Deflower virgins, rogue? auant ye slaue, seeing the hurly
Are maides fit subiects for a Sargeants mace. *burly, runs away.*

So now are we once more free: ther's for the wine. *Ex. Ser.*

Now to our Randeuow: three pounds in gold

These stops containe; wee le quaffe in Venice glasses,

And sweare some Lawyers are but silly Asses. *Exeunt.*

Enter Captaine Face:

Cap. Is the coast cleare, are these combustions ceast,
And may we drinke Canary sack in peace?

Shall we haue no attendance heere you rogues,

Where be these raskals that skip vp and downe,

Faster then Virginall iacks? drawers. *Dra.* Sir.

Cap. On whom waite you sir rogue? *Dra.* Faith Captaine
I attend a conuenticle of Players.

Ca. How players, what is there ere a Cuckold among them?

Dra. Ioue defend else, it stands with pollicie,

That one should be a notorious Cuckold,

If it be but for the better keeping

The rest of his company together.

Cap. When did you see sir *Theophrastus Slop,*

The Citty Dog-maister? *Dra.* Not to day sir.

Cap. What haue you for my supper. *Dra.* Nothing ready

Unlesse you please to stay the dressing Captaine,

Cap. Zownes stay the dressing, you damned rogue,

What shall I waite vpon your greasie cooke,

And waite his leisure, goe downe staires roague,

Now all her other customers be seru'd,

Aske.

MERRY-TRICKS.

Aske if your Mistresse haue a snip of Mutton
 Yet left for me. *Dra.* Yes sir. *Cap.* And good-man roague
 See what good thing your Kitchin-maide has left
 For me to worke vpon, my barrow-gutlings grumble
 And would haue food: Say now the Vintners wife
 Should bring me vp a Pheasant, Partridge, Quaille,
 A pleasant banquet, and extreemly loue me,
 Desire me to eate, kisse, and protest,
 I should pay nothing for it, say she should drinke
 Her selfe three quarters drunke, to winne my loue,
 Then giue me a chaine, worth some three score pounds,
 Say twere worth but forty, say but twenty,
 For Cittizens do sildome in their wooing,
 Giue aboue twenty pounds: say then 'tis twenty,
 Ile goe sell some fiteene pounds worth of the chaine,
 To buy some clothes, and shift my lowlie linnen,
 And weare the rest as a perpetuall fauour,
 About my arme in fashion of a Bracelet,
 Say then her husband should grow iealous,
 Ide make him drunke, and then Ile Cuckold him,
 But then a Vintners wife, some Rogues will say,
 Which sits at Barre for the receipt of custome,
 That smells of chippings and of broken fish,
 Is loue to Captaine Face, which to preuent,
 Ile neuer come but when her best stitcht hat,
 Her Bowgle gowne and best wrought smock is on,
 Then does she neither smell of bread, of meate,
 Or drappings of the tap, it shall be so.

Enter Boutecher, W. Smalshanke, and Constantia.

Bou. Now leaue vs boy; blesse you Captaine Face.

Cap. Ile haue no Musick? *W. S.* Foot doost take vs for fiddlers.

Cap. Then turne straight, Drawer runne downe the staires,
 And thanke the Gods a gaue me that great patience
 Not to strike you, *Bou.* Your patience sir is great,
 For you dare sildome strike. Sirra they say,
 You needs will wed the widdow Taffata,
Nolens volens. *Cap.* Doe not vrge my patience,
 Awake not furie, new rakt vp in embers,

MERRY-TRICKS.

I giue you leaue to liue. W.S. Men say y'auē tricks,
Y'are an admirable Ape, and you can doe
More feates then three Babounes, we must haue some.

Cap. My patience yet is great, I say be gone,
My tricks are dangerous. Bon. That's nothing,
I haue brought you furniture; come get vp
Vp vpon this table, doe your feates,
Or I will whip you to them, doe not I know
You are a lowfie knaue. Cap. How? Lowfie knaue,
Are wee not English bred? Bon. Y'are a coward Roague,
That dares not looke a Kitling in the face,
If she but stare or mew. Cap. My patience yet is great:
Doe you bandie troopes, by Dis I will be Knight,
Weare a blew coate on great Saint Georges day,
And with my fellowes driue you all from Paules
For this attempt. Bon. Will you yet gee vp,
I must lash you to it, Cyp. By Pluto, Gentlemen,
To doe you pleasure, and to make you sport,
Ile do't. W.S. Come get vp then quick.

Bon. Ile dresse you fir. Cap. By Ioue 'tis not for feare,
But for a loue I beare vnto these tricks,
That I performe it. Bon. Hold vp your snout fir,
Sit handsomly, by heauen, fir you must do it,
Come boy. W.S. No by this good light, Ile play (tlemen?
Him that goes with the motions. Dra Wher's the Cap. Gen.

W.S. Stand back boy, and be a spectator, Gentlemen
You shall see the strange nature of an out-landish beast,
That ha's but two legs, bearded like a man,
Nold like a Goose, and tounge like a woman,
Lately brought from the land of Carita,
A beast of much vnderstanding, were it not giuen
Too much to the loue of Venerie: do I not do it well?

Bon. Admirably! W.S. Remember noble Captaine,
You skip when I shall shake my whip: Now fir,
What can you doe for the great Turke?
What can you doe for the Pope of Rome?
Harke, he stirreth not, he moueth not, he waggeth not,
What can you do for the towne of Geneva? *He holds vp his hands instead of praying.*

MERRY-TRICKS.

Con. Sure this Baboune is a great Puritane.

Bou. Is not this strange. W.S. Not a whit by this light,
Bankes his horse and hee were taught both in a stable.

Dr. O rare. Cap. Zounes Ile first be damnd, shall sport
Bee laught at ; by *Dis*, by *Pluto*, and great *Proserpine*,
My fatall blade once drawne, falls but with death,

Yet if youle let me goe, I vow by *Ioue*,
No widdow, maide, wife, punke, or Cockatrice,
Shall make me haunt your goasts. Bou. 'Twill not serue sir,
You must shew more. Cap. Ile first be hangd and damn'd.

W.S. Foote can a iumpe so well. Bou. Is a so quick?
I hope the slaue will haunt no more the widdow.

W.S. As for that take no care, for by this light
Sheele not haue thee. Bou. Not haue me? W.S. No not haue
By this hand, flesh, and bloud, she is resolu'd (thee,
To make my father a most fearefull Cuckold,
And he's resolu'd to saue his soule by her.

Bou. How by her? W.S. Thus, all old men which marry
Young wiues, shall questionlesse be sau'd,
For while th' are young, they keepe other mens wiues,
And when th' are old, they keepe wiues for other men,
And so by satisfaction procure saluation.

Why thou deiected taile of a Crab,
Does not the faire *Constantia Somersfield*
Doate on thy filthy face ; and wilt thou wed
A wanton widdow? what canst thou see
To doate on her. Bou. Onely this, I loue her.

W.S. Doe'st loue her then, take a purgation,
For loue Ile assure thee is a binder :
Of all things vnder heauen, there's no fitter parrallels then a
Drunkard and a Louer : for a drunkard looses his sences, so
does your louer ; your drunkard is quarrellsome, so is your
louer : your drunkard will sweare, lye, and speake great
words, so will your louer : your drunkard is most desirous of
his letchery, and so is your louer : Well the night growes old,
farewell :

I am so much thy friend, that none shall bed thee,
While faire *Constantia* is resolu'd to wed thee.

Ex.

MERRY-TRICKS.

Enter Thomas Smal-shank and others.

T.S. Foote shall we let the wentch goe thus,
My masters now show your selues Gentlemen
And take a way the Lawiers wife;
Foote though I haue noe wit, yet I can,
Loue a wentch and choose a wife,

Gen. Why sir, what should you doe with a wife, that are
held none of the wisest? youle get none but fooles.

Th.S. How fooles, why may not I a foole get a wise child
as well as wise men get fooles: all lies but in the agillity of
the woman: introth I thinke all fooles are got when there
mothers a sleepe; therefore Ile neuer ly with my wife but
when she is brawd waking, stand to't honest friends, knocke
downe the Lieftenant and then hurry the wentch to Fleet-
streete, there my father and I will this morning be married.

Enter Beard and Francis,

Gen. Stand close they come.

Bea. By Ioue the night growes darke and Luna lookes,
As if this hower some fifty cuckolds were making,
Then let vs trudge.

Gen. Downe with 'em, downe with them, away with her
Maister *Smal-shankes* to Fleetstreet, goe the Curate there
staies for you.

Bea. And stayes the Curat.
Whats here knockt downe, and blud of men let out,
Must men in darkenesse bleed, then *Erebus* looke big,
And *Boreas* blow the fire of all my rage,
Into his nose. Night thou art a whore,
Smalshanke a rogue: and is my wench tooke from me,
Sure I am guld, this was no Coccatrixce,
I neuer saw her before this day-light peept,
What dropst thou head, this surely is the heyre,
And mad will *Smal-shankes* lay in Ambuscado,
To get her now from me, *Beard*: Lieftenant *Beard*,
Thou art an asses what a dull slaue was I,
That all this while smelt not her honesty.
Pate I doe not pittie thee: hadst thou braines,
Lieftenant Beard had got this wealthy heyre,

From

MERRY-TRICKS.

From all these rogues, bloud to be this ore reachd;
In pate and wench: reueng, reuenge come vp,
And with thy curled locks cling to my beard,
Smale-shamkes I will betray thee: I now will trudge,
To *Saint Iohns streete* to informe the *Lady Sommerfield*,
Where thou art: I will preuent the match,
Thou art to *Fleetestreet* gone, reuenge shall follow,
And my incensed wrath shall like great thunder,
Disperſſe thy hopes and thy braue wife a ſunder.

Enter Lady Sommerfield, and Iuſtice Tutchin.

Tu. Say as I ſay widdow, the wench is gon,
But I know whether, ſtolne ſhe is, well.
I know by whome, ſay as I ſay widdow,
I haue bin drinking hard, why ſay ſo too,
Old men they can be fine, with ſmall a doe;
The law is not offended, I had no punke,
Nor in an alehouſe, haue I made me drunke.
The ſtatute is not broke, I haue the ſkill,
To drinke by law, then ſay as I ſay ſtill;

La. S. To what extremes doth this licentious time,
Hurry vnſtayed youth, nor Gods nor Lawes,
Whoſe penall ſcurges are inough to ſaue,
Euen damned fiends, can in this looſer age,
Confine vnbounded youth, who durſt preſume,
To ſteale my youths delight, my ages hope,
Her fathers heyre, and the laſt noble ſtemme,
Of all her anceſtors: feare they or Gods or lawes.

I. Tu. I ſay as you ſay ſiſter, but for the lawes,
There are ſo many that men do ſtand in awe;
Of none at all; take heed they ſteale not you.
Who woes a widdow with a faire full Moone
Shall ſurely ſpeed, beware of full Moones widdow,
Will *Smalſhankeſ* has your daughter no word but mum,
My warrant you ſhall haue when time ſhall come.

La. S. your warrant? *I. Tu.* I my warrant widdow,
My warrant can ſtretch far; no more but ſo,
Twill ſerue to ketch a knaue, or fetch a Doe.

Enter

MERRY-TRICKS.

Enter Servingmen.

Ser. Heres a gentleman much desirous to see you madam.

La. So. What is a for a man.

Ser. Nothing for a man, but much for a beast,
I thinke him lunatique for a demannds,
What plate of his is stirring iⁿ the house,
A calls your men his Butlers, Cookes, and Steward,
Kisses your woman, and makes exceeding much
Of your Coach-mans wife; *I. Tu.* Then he's a gentleman,
for tis a true note of a gentleman, to make much of other mens
wiues, bring him vp, a sirra, makes a much of your Choach-
mans wife, this geere will runne a wheelles then shortly,
A man may make much more of a nother mans wife, then a
can do of's owne.

L.S. How much brother? *I. Tu.* A man may make with ease,
A Punke, a Child, a Bastard, a Cuckold, of another mans wife
all at a clap.

And that is much I thinke. *Seru.* Thats my Lady.

Enter Servingman and Throte.

Thr. For that thou first hast brought me to her fight,
I here create thee Clarke a the Kitching, no man shall beg it
from thee.

Ser. Sure the fellowes mad.

L.S. What would you sir? I gesse your long profession,
By your scant suite: your habit seemes to turne:
Your inside outward to me; y^e are I thinke.

Some Turner of the law. *Thr.* Law is my living.
And on that auncient mould I weare this outside,
Suite vpon suite waits some yet makes me thriue.
First lawe, then gold, then loue, and then we wiue.

I. T. A man of forme like me but what's your businesse?

La. Be brieife good sir: what makes this bold intrusion?

Th. Intrude, I do not, for I know the lawe,
It is the rule that squares out all our actions,
Those actions bring in coyne, coyne gets me friends,
Your sonne in law hath law at's fingers ends.

La. My sonne in law. *Th.* Madame your sonne in law,
Mother I come, (be glad I call you so)

MERRY-TRICKS.

To make a gentle breach into your fauour,
And win your approbation of my choice,
Your cherry-ripe sweet daughter (so renownd,
For beauty, vertue, and a wealthy dowre)
I haue espousd. *La.* How? you espouse my daughter?

Thr. *Nouerint vniuersi*, the lawes of heauen,
Of nature, church, and chance, haue made her mine,
Therefore deliuer her by these presents.

I. Tu. How's this? made her yours fir? *per quam regulam*,
Nay we are letter'd fir, as well as you,
Redde rationem per quam regulam.

Thr. *Femini ludificantur viros*:
By that same rule these lips haue taken season,
Tut I do all by Statute law, and reason.

La. Hence you base knaue, you petty-fogging groome,
Clad in old ends, and peec'd with Brokery,
You wed my daughter? *I. T.* You fir *Ambo-dexter*,
A Sumneis sonne, and learn't in Norfolke wiles,
Some common baile, or Counter Lawyer,
Marry my neece? your halfe sleeues shall not carry her.

Thr. These Stormes will be dissolu'd in teares of ioy,
Mother I doubt it not: Iustice to you,
That ierke at my halfe sleeues, and yet your selfe
Doe neuer weare but Buckerom out of sight,
A Flannell waist-coate, or a Canuas Trusse,
A shift of thrift, I vse it: let's be friends,
You know the law hath tricks, ka me, ka thee,
Viderit utilitas, the mott to these halfe armes,
Corpus cum causa needs no bumbatting.
We weare small hayre yet haue we tongue and wit,
Lawyers close breech's haue bodies pollitick.

La. Speake, answer me fir Iack: stole you my daughter?

Thr. Short tale to make, I fingered haue your daughter,
I haue tane liuery and season of the wench,
Deliuer her then, you know the Statute lawes,
Shee's mine without exception, barre or clause:
Come, come, restore. *La.* The fellow's mad I thinke,

Thr. I was not mad before I married,
But *ipso facto* what the act may make me,
That know I not. *I. T.* Fellows come in there, *Ent. 2. or 3. Ser.*

MERY-TRICKS.

By this fir you confesse you stole my Neece,
And I attach you heere of felony:
Lay hold on him: Ile make my *Mittimus*,
And send him to the Iayle; haue we no barre
Nor claufe to hamper you, away with him,
Those clawes shall claw you to a barre of shame,
Where thou shalt shew thy Goll, Ile barre your claime,
If I be *Iustice Tutchin*. *Thr.* Hands off you slaues,
Oh! fauour my Ierkin, though you teare my flesh,
I set more store by that: my *Audita*
Querela shall be heard, and with a *Certiorare*
Ile fetch her from you with a pox. *Enter Beard.*

Bea. What's heere to do? is all the world in armes?
More tumults, brawles, and insurrections,
Is bloud the Theame whereon our time must treat.

Thr. Heer's *Beard* your Butler: a rescue *Beard*; draw,
Bea. Draw? not so: my Blad's as ominously drawne
Vnto the death of nine or ten such groomes,
As is a knife vnseath'd with the hungry maw,
Threatning the ruine of a chine of Beefe:
But for the restlessse toile it tooke of late,
My blade shall sleepe awhile. *Th.* Helpe. *Be.* Stop thee *Throate*
And heare me speake, whose bloody Characters,
Will shew I haue beene scuffling: briefly thus,
Thy wife, your daughter, and your louely Neece,
Is hurri'd now to Fleet-streete, the damn'd crew
With glaues and clubs haue rapt her from these armes,
Throate thou art bobd, although thou boughtst the heyre,
Yet hath the slaue made a re-entry.

I.Tu. Sirra what are you? *Th.* My Ladies Butler sir.

Bea. Not I by heauen. *Thr.* By this good light he swore it,
And for your daughters loue he ran away.

Bea. By *Ioue* I guld thee *Throte*. *I.T.* More knauery yet,
Lay hands on him, pinion them both,
And garde them hence towards Fleet-streete, come away,

Bea. Must we be led like theeuers, and pinniond walke,
Spent I my bloud for this? is this my hyre?
Why then burne rage, set *Beard* and nose on fire.

I.T. On, on I say. *Thr.* Iustice, the law shall firke you.

MERRY-TRICKS.

Actus Quinti. Scena 1.

Enter William Small-shanke.

W.S. On this one houre depends my hopes and fortunes,
Foote I must haue this widdow : what should my Dad
Make with a wife, that scarce can wipe his nose,
Vntrusse his points, or hold a Chamber-pot,
Steddy till a pisses : The doores are fast,
'Tis now the midst of night ; yet shall this chaine,
Procure accessse and conference with the widdow :
What though I cheate my father, all men haue sinnes,
Though in their seuerall kinds, all ends in this,
So they get gold, they care not whose it is.
Begging the Court, vse beares the Cittie out,
Lawyers their quirkes, thus goes the world about,
So that our villanies haue but different shapes,
Th' effects all one, and poore men are but Apes,
To imitate their betters, this is the difference,
All great mens sinnes must still be humored,
And poore mens vices largely punished,
The priuiledge that great men haue in euill,
Is this, they go vnpunisht to the Diuell
Therefore Ile in, this chaine I know will moue,
Gold and rich stones, wins coyest ladies loue. *Knocks.*

Adr. What would you sir, that you do knock so boldly.

W.S. I must come in to the widdow. *Adr.* How come in,
The widdow has no entrance for such mates.

W.S. Dooft heere sweet Chamber-maid, by heauen I come,
With letters from my father, I haue brought her stones,
Jewels and chaines, which she must vse to morrow.

Adr. Y'are a needy knaue, and will lye :
Your father has casheerd you, nor will a trust you,
Begon, least I doe wash you hence. **W.S.** Dooft heere,
By this good night, my Father and I are friends,
Take but this cheine for token, giue her that,
And tell her I haue other things for her,
Which by my fathers will I am commanded
To giue to her owne hands. *Adr.* Say you so,
Introth I thinke youle prooue an honest man,
Had you once got a beard : let me see the chaine,

MERY-TRICKS.

W.S. Dooſt thinke I lye? by this good light *Adrian*
I loue her with my ſoule, heer's letters

And other Jewels ſent her from my father,

Is ſhee a bed. *Adr.* By my virginity,

Shee is vnealt, and ready to ſlip in,

Betwixt the ſheetes, but I will beare hir this,

And tell her what you ſay. W.S. But make ſome haſt,

Why ſo 'twill take, zart how a waiting maide,

Can ſhake a fellow vp that is caſheerd,

And has no money: ſoote ſhould ſhe keepe the chaine,

And not come downe, I muſt turne Cittizen,

Be banckrout, and craue the Kings protection

But heere ſhe comes. *Taf.* What would you ſir with vs,

That on the ſuddaine, and ſo late you come.

W.S. I haue ſome ſecrets to acquaint you with,

Please you to let the chamber maide ſhake off,

And ſtand as Centinel. *Taf.* It ſhall not need,

I hope I haue not brought her vp ſo ill,

But that ſhe knowes how to containe your ſecrets,

As well as I her Miſtreſſe: Therefore on,

W.S. It is not fit for ſooth that I ſhould on,

Before ſhe leaue the roome. *Adr.* Tis not indeed,

Therefore He waite in the with-drawing roome

Vntill you call. *Taf.* Now ſir, what's your will?

W.S. Deere widdow, pittie the ſtate of a young,

Poore, yet propper Gentleman, by *Venus* pap

Vpon my knees I'de creepe vnto your lap

For one ſmall drop of fauour, and though this face

Is not the fineſt face, yet t'as beene praiſd

By Ladies of good iudgment in faces.

Taf. Are theſe your ſecrets? W.S. You ſhall haue ſecrets.

More pleaſing, nay heere ſweet widdow,

Some wantons doe delight to ſee men creepe,

And on their knees to woe them. *Taf.* I am none of thoſe,

Stand vp, I more deſire a man ſhould ſtand,

Then cringe and creepe that meanes to winne my loue,

If ſay ſtand vp, and let me goe ye'ad beſt.

W.S. For euer let me creepe vpon the ground,

Vnleſſe you heere my ſute. *Taf.* How now ſir ſawce,

Would you be capring in your fathers ſaddle,

Away

MERT-TRICKS.

Away you casheerd yonger brother, begon,
Doe not I know the fashions of you all,
When a poore woman has laide open all
Her thoughts to you, then you grow proud and coy,
But when wise maides dissemble and keepe close,
Then you poore snakes come creeping on your bellyes,
And with all oyled looks prostrate your selues,
Before our beauties sunne, where once but warme,
Like hatefull snakes you strike vs with your stings,
And then forsake vs, I know your tricks begon.

W.S. Foote Ile first be hang'd, nay if you go
You shall leaue your smock behinde you widdow,
Keepe close your womanish weapon, hold your tongue,
Nor speake, cough, sneeze or stampe, for if you doe,
By this good blade Ile cut your throte directly,
Peace, stirre not, by Heauen Ile cut your throate
If you but stirre: speake not, stand still, go to,
Ile teach coy widdowes a new way to woe,
Come you shall kisse, why so, Ile stab by Heauen
If you but stirre, now heere, first kisse againe,
Why so, stirre not, Now come I to the point,
My hopes are past, nor can my present state,
Affoord a single halfe-penny, my father
Hates me deadly; to beg, my birth forbids,
To steale, the law, the hang man, and the Rope:
With one consent deny; to go a trust,
The Citty common-councell has forbad it,
Therefore my state is desperate, stirre not,
And I by much will rather choose to hang,
Then in a ditch or prison-hole to starue,
Resolue, wed me, and take mee to your bed;
Or by my soule Ile strait cut off your head,
Then kill my selfe, for I had rather dye,
Then in a street liue poore and lowly:
Doe not I know you cannot loue my father.
A widdow that has knowne the *quid* of things,
To doate vpon an old and crased man,
That stinkes at both ends, worffe then an elder pype,
Who when his bloud and spirit are at the height,
Hath not a member to his palsie body,

MERRY-TRICKS.

But is more limber then a Kings head pudding,
Tooke from the pot halfe sod doe I not know this?
Haue you not wealth enough, to serue vs both?
And am not I a pritty handsome fellow,
To doe your drudgery, come, come, resolute.
For by my blood, if you deny your bed,
Ile cut your throat, without equiuocation,
If you be pleased hold vp your finger, if not
By heauen Ile gar my whyniard through your weombe,
Ist a match. *Ta.* Here me but speake. *W.S.* Youle prate to loud.

Ta. No. *W.S.* Nor speake one word against my honest sute.

Ta. No by my worth *W.S.* Kisse vpon that and speake,

Ta. I dare not wed, men say yare naught youle cheate,

And you do keepe a whore. *W.S.* That is a lie,
She keepes her selfe and me, yet I protest,
Shees not dishonest. *Ta.* How could she then maintaine you,

W.S. Why by her commings in, a little thing,

Her friends haue left her which with putting to best vse.

And often turning yeelds her a poore liuing,

But what of that, shes now shooke off, to thee

Ile onely cleaue, Ile be thy marchant.

And to this welthy fayre, Ile bring my ware,

And here set vp my standing : therefore resolute,

Nought but my sword is left ist be a match,

Clap hands, contract and strait to bed,

If not, pray, forgiue and straight goes off your head.

Ta. I take thy loue. *W.S.* Then strait lets both to bed.

Ta. Ile wed to morrow. *W.S.* You shall not sleepe vpon.

An honest contract is as good as marriage.

A bird in hand you know the prouerbe widdow,

Ta. To let me tell thee, Ile loue thee while I liue,

For this attempt giue me that lusty lad,

That winnes his widdow with his well drawne blade,

And not with oaths and words : a widdows woing,

Not in bare words but should consist in doing,

I take thee to my husband. *W.S.* I thee to wife,

Now to thy bed and there weele end this strife.

Enter Sir Oliuer and Fiddlers.

S.O. Warne blood the yong mans slave, the ould mans God
Makes me so stirre thus soone, it stirs ifayth,

And

MERT-TRICKS.

And with a kind of Itching pricks me on,
To bid my bride boun *Iour*, O this desire,
Is euen another fildcht *promethian* fire,
By which we old men liue, performance then,
I thats poore old mens baine, that in old men,
Comes limping off more lame God knowes then he,
Which in a close, a hot and dangerous fight,
Has bin dismembred and craues by letter patents,
Yet scarce a woman that considers this,
Women haue tricks fiks and farthinggales,
A generation are they full of subtilty,
And all most honest where they want the meanes.
To be otherwise. Therefore Ile haue an eie
My widdow goes not oft to visit kinsfolkes,
By birth she is a Ninny, and that I know,
Is not in London held the smalest kindred,
I must haue wits and braines, come on my friends,
Out with your tooles, and toot, a strane of mirth.
And a pleasant song to wake the widdow.

Enter W.S. above in his shirt.

W.S. Musitions, mnistrills, foote rogues,
For Gods loue leaue your filthy squeaking noyse
And get you gone, the widdow and my selfe,
Will scramble out the shaking of the sheets,
Without your musicke, we haue no need of fiders,
To our dauncing, foote haue you no manners,
Cannot a man take his naturall rest.
For your scraping, I shall wash your gut-strings.
If you but stay a while; yet honest rascalls,
If youle let vs haue the rother crash
The widdow and Ile keepe time, theres for your paines,
S.O. Hows this? will the widdow and you keepe time,
What trycke? what quiddit? what figare is this?
My casheerd Sonne speake from the widdowes chamber,
And in his shirt ha, sure she is not there,
Tis so she has tooke him in for pittie,
And now remoues her chamber I will home,
On with my neatest robes, perfume my beard,
Eate cloues, Eringoes and drinke some aquauita.
To sweeten breath and keepe my weame from wambling.

Then

MERRY-TICKS.

Then like the moneth of March, come blustering in,
Marry the widdow shake vp this springall,
And then as quiet as a sucking lambe,
Close by the widdow will I rest al night,
As for my breath I haue crotchets and deuises,
Ladies rankebreaths are often healt with spices.

Enter Adriana, and another strawing hearbs.

Adr. Come straw a pace, Lord shall I neuer liue,
To walke to Church on flowers. O tis fine,
To see a bride try it to Church so lightly,
As if her new choppines would scorne to bruze
A silly flower: and now I prethee tell me,
What flower thinkest thou is likest to a woman?

Vi. A marigold I thinke. *Adr.* Why a marygold:

Vi. Because a little heate makes it to spred,
And open wide his leaues. *Adr.* Thart quite wide,
A marigold doth open wide all day,
And shuts most close at night; I hope thou knowst,
All wenches doe the contrary: but sirra,
How does thy Vncle the old Doctor,
Dost thinke heele be a Bishop? *Vi.* O questionlesse,
For has got him a young wife, and carried her,
To Court already: but now I prethee say,
Why will the widdow wedd so old a knight,

Adr. Why for his riches. *Vi.* For riches onely,
Why riches cannot giue her her delight,

Adr. Ritches I hope can soone procure her one
Shall giue her her delight thats the Diuell,
Thats it ifaith makes vs waiting gentlewomen
Liue maides so long. *Vi.* Thinke you so. *Adr.* Yes infaith,
Married women quite haue spoyled the market,
By hauing secret friends besides their husbands,
For if these married wiues would be content
To haue but one a peece I thinke in troth,
There would be doings enough for vs all,
And till we get an act of parliament,
For that our states are desperate.

Enter Boucher and Constan.

Come straw a peece. *Con.* So ho ho, Maister. *Bou.* Boy,

Con. Introth I thought y'ad beene more fast asleepe,

Then

MERRY-TRICKS.

Then a midwife or a Puritane Taylor,
At a sonday euenings Lecture, but fir
Why do you rise so soone? *Bon.* To see the widdow,

Con. The weaker you, you are forbid a widdow,
And 'tis the first thing you will fall into.
Me thinkes a young cleere skind country Gentlewoman,
That neuer saw Babounes, Lyons, or Courtiers,
Might prooue a handsome wife, or what do you say
To a Cittizens daughter, that neuer was in loue
With a Player, that neuer learnt to daunce,
That neuer dwelt neere any Inne a Court,
Might not she in time prooue an honest wife?

Faith take a maide, and leaue the widdow, Maister
Of all meates I loue not a gaping Oyster, (mistake,

Bon. God speed your workes faire maides. *Ad.* You much
Tis no worke. *Bon.* What then. *Ad.* A preparation
To a worke fir. *Bon.* What worke sweet Ladies?

Ad. Why to a mariage? thats a worke I thinke,

Bon. How? a preparation to a manage,
Of whom kind maids, of whom? *Ad.* And why kind maids?
I hope you haue had no kindnesse at our hand,
To make you say so: but fir vnderstand,
That Sir *Oliuer Smal-shanke* the noble Knight,
And mistresse *Tafata* the rich widdow,
Must this day be coupled, conioyned,
Married, espoused, wedded, contracted,
Or as the Puritaine sayes, put together,
And so fir, to the shifing of our cleane smocks,
Wee leaue you. *Bon.* Married, and to day,
Dissention, lealoufie, hate, beggery,
With all the dire euent which breed dislike
In nuptiall beds, attend her bridall steps,
Can vowes and oathes, with such protesting action,
As if their hearts were spit forth with their words,
As if their soules were darted through their eyes,
Be of no more validity with women?
Haue I for her contem'd my fixed fate.
Neglected my faire hopes, and scorn'd the loue
Of beautilous, vertuous, and honor'd *Constantia*.

Con. Now workes it with my wish: my hopes are full.

MERRY-TRICKS.

Bou. And I ingag'd my worth and ventur'd life
On yonder buffolne face, to haue men scorne,
And poynt at my disgrace: first will I leaue to line:
There take my purse, liue thou to better fate. *Bouch. hangs*
Better thus die, then liue vnfortunate. *himselfe.*

Con. Aye mee accurst: helpe, helpe, murther murther,
Curst be the day and houre that gaue me breath,
Murther, murther: if any Gentleman
Can heare my plaints, come forth and assist me.

W.S. What out-cries call me from my naked bed,
Who calls *Ieronimo*, speake here I am.

Con. Good sir leaue your struggling and acting,
And helpe to saue the life of a distressed man,
O helpe if you be Gentlemen! *W.S.* Whats here?
A man hangd vp and all the murtherers gone?
And at my doore to lay the guilt on me.

This place was made to pleasure Citizens wiues, *Enter*
And not to hange vppe honest Gentlemen *Tafata.*

Taf. Where be these lazie knaues? some raise the house,
What ment the cry of murther? where's my loue?

W.S. Come *Isabella*, helpe me to lament,
For sigthes are stopt, and all my teares are spent.
These clothes I oft haue scene; aye me my friend:
Pursue the murtherers, rayse all the street

Con. It shall not need, a stirs, giue him breath.
W.S. Is there yet life, *Horatio* my deere boy,
Horatio! *Horatio*, what hast thou mis-done,
To lose thy life when life was new begunne?

Bou. Zeart a man had as good be hangd outright,
As to indure this clapping: shame to thy sexe,
Perfidious periur'd woman, wher's thy shame?
How can thy modesty forbear to blush,
And knowst I know thee an adultresse?
Haue not thy vowes made thee my lawfull wife:
Before the face of heauen? where is thy shame?
But why speake I of shame to thee, whose face,
Is steel'd with custom'd sinne, whose thoughts want graces:
The custome of thy sinne so luls thy sence:
Women nere blush, though nere so foule th' offence,

MERRY-TRICKS.

To breake thy vow to me and straight to wed,
A doting stinckerd. *W.Sm.* But hold your tongue,
Or by this light Ile trusse you vp againe,
Zeart rayle on my wife, am I a stinckerd,
Or do I dote? speake such another word,
And vp you trusse againe, am I a stinckerd?

Bon. The knight your father is : *W.S.* VVhy who denies it.
He supplants thee and I supplanted him.

Come come, you shall be friends come forgiue her :

For by this light there is no remedy,

Vnlesse you will betake you to my leauings.

Con. Rather then so Ile helpe you to a wife :

Ritch, well borne, and by some accounted fayre,

And for the worth of her Virginity,

I dare presume to pawne my honesty :

VVhat say you to *Constantia Somerfield*?

W.S. Do'st know where she is boy? *Con.* I do, nay more,

If he but sweare to imbrace her constant loue,

Ile fetch her to this place. *W.S.* A shall do it boy,

Enter Sir Olmer and Fiddlers.

A shall do it, goe fetch her boy, foote my father,

Stand too't now old wench, stand too't now.

S.Ol. Now fresh and youthfull as the month of May,

Ile bid my Bryde good morrow, Musitions on,

Lightly, lightly, and by my knighthoods spurre,

This yeere you shall haue my protection,

And yet not buy your liuery coates your selues :

God morrow Bride, fresh, fresh, as the month of May,

I come to kisse thee on thy wedding day.

W.S. Sauing your tale sir, Ile shew you how,

Aprill showers spring May flowers,

So merrily sings the Cucko :

The truth is, I haue laide my knife aboard,

The widdow sir is wedded. *S.Ol.* Ha, *W.S.* Bedded. *S.Ol.* ha :

W.S. Why my good father what should you do with a wife?

Would you be crested? will you needs thrust your head

In on of Vulcans Helms? will you perforce

Weare a Citty cappe and a Court feather?

S.Ol. Villaine, slaue, thou hast wrong'd my wife, *W.S.* not so,

MERRY-TRICKS.

Speake my good wench, haue I not done thee right.

Taf. I finde no fault, and I protest *Sir Oliner.*
I'd not haue lost the last two houres sleepe,
I had by him, for all the wealth you haue.

S.Ol. Villaine slaue, Ile hang thee by the statute,
Thou hast two wiues. *W.S.* Be not so furious sir,
I haue but this, the other was my whore,
Which now is married to an honest Lawyer.

S.Ol. Thou villaine slaue rhou hast abus'd thy father.

Bon. Your sonne ifaith, your very sonne ifaith,
The villaine boy has one trick of his fire,
Has firkt away the wench, has pierst the hogshhead,
And knowes by this the vintadge. *S.Ol.* I am vndone.

Bon. You could not loue the widdow but her wealth.

S.Ol. The deuill take my soule but I did loue her.

Taf. That oath doth shew you are a Northen Knight,
And of all men aliue, Ile neuer trust,
A Northen man in loue. *S.Ol.* And why? and why flut.

Taf. Because the first word he speakes is the Diuell
Take his soule, and who will giue him trust,
That once has giuen his soule vnto the Diueil.

W.S. Shee sayes most true father, the soule once gon,
The best part of a man is gone. *Taf.* And ifaith
If the best part of a man be once gone,
The rest of the body is not worth a rush,
Though it be nere so handsome.

Enter La, Somerfield, Throte & Beard bound, & In. Tutch.

La.S. Bring them away. *W.S.* How now?
My Lawyer pinion'd I begin to stinke
Already. *La.S.* Cheater my daughter. *W.S.* Shee's mad.

Thr. My wife sir, my wife. *W.S.* They're mad, starke mad,
I am sorry sir you haue lost those happy wits.
By which you liu'd so well. The ayre growes cold,
Therefore Ile take my leaue. *La.S.* Stay him officers,
Sir 'tis not your trickes of wit can carry it.
Officers attache him, and this Gentleman,
For stealing away my heire. *W.S.* You do me wrong,
Zart I neuer saw your heire. *Thr.* That's a lye,
You stole her, and by chance I married her.

W.S. God giue you ioy sir. *Thr.* Aske the Butler else,

There

MERRY-TRICKS.

Therefore widdow release me, for by no law,
 Statute or booke case, of *Vicesimo*
Edwardi Secundi, nor by the Statute
 Of *Tricesimo Henrici sexti*,
 Nor by any booke case of *decimo*
 Of the late Queene, am I accessarie,
 Part, or party confederate, abetter,
 Helper, seconder, perswader, forwarder,
 Principall or maintainer of this late theft:
 But by law, I forward, and shee willing,
 Clapt vp the match, and by a good Statute
 Of *Decimo tertio Richardi quarti*,
 She is my leefull, lawfull, and my true
 Married wife, *teste Liffenant Beard*.

W.S. Who liues would thinke that you could prate so fast,
 Your hands being bound behind you, foote a talkes
 Wich as much ease as if a were in's shirt.

S.Ol. I am witnesse thou hadst the heire. *I.Tu.* So am I.

Thr. And so is my man *Dash. Bon.* Heere me but speake,
 Sit you as Iudges, vndoe the Lawyers hands,
 That a may freely act, and Ile be bound
 That *William Smalshanke* shall put your Throte to silence,
 And ouer-throw him at his owne weapon.

I.Tu. Agreed, take each his place, and heere the case
 Argued betwixt them two. *Om.* Agreed, agreed.

I.Tu. Now Throte or neuer, stretch your selfe. *Thr.* Feare not.

W.S. Heere stand I for my client, this Gentleman,

Thr. I for the widdow. *W.S.* Begin. *Thr.* Right worshipfull
 I say that *William Small-shanke* mad-man,
 Is by a Statute made in *Octauo*
 Of *Richard Cordelion* guilty to the law
 Of felony, for stealing this Ladies heire,
 That a stole her, the prooffe is most pregnant,
 He brought her to my house, confest himselfe,
 A made great meanes to steale her, I likt her,
 (And finding him a nouice) truth to tell,
 Married her, my selfe, and as I said,
 By a Statute *Richardi Quarti*,
 Shee is my lawfull wife. *W.S.* For my client,
 I say the wepch brought vnto your house,

MERRY-TRICKS.

Was not the daughter to rich *Somerfield*.

S.Ol. What prooffe of that? *W.S.* This gentleman. *Th.* Tut tut
Hee is a party in the cause, but sir,

If 'twere not the daughter to this good widdow,
Who was it? answer that. *W.S.* An arrant whore
Which you haue married, and she is runne
Away with all your Jewels, this is true:
And this Lieutenant *Beard* can testifie,
Twas the wench I kept in *Hofier-lane*.

Bea. What was it shee? *W.S.* The very same.

I.Tu. Speake firra *Beard*, if all he sayes be true,

Bea. Shee said, she was a Punke, a Rampant whore,
Which in her time had beene the cause of parting
Some foureteene bawdes; he kept her in the Suburbs,
Yet I do thinke this wench was not the same.

Bow. The case is cleere with me. *Om.* O strange. *Th.* Sir, sir,
This is not true, how liu'd you in the Suburbs,
And scapt so many searches? *W.S.* I answer,
That most Constables in out-parishes
Are bawdes themselues; by which we scapt the searches.

S.Ol. This is most strange. *La.S.* What's become of this wo-

Bea. That know not I. As I was squiring her (man?)
A long the streete, Maister *Small-shanke* set vpon me,
Beate me downe, and tooke away the maide,
Which I suppose was daughter to the widdow.

W.S. A lyes, let me be hangd if a lye not.

S.Ol. What confusion is this. *Con.* Bring them forward,
God preferue your worship. And it like you Maddam,
We were coman'ded by our deputy,
That if we tooke a woman in the watch,
To bring her straight to you. And heering there
You were come hether, hether we brought them.

S.Ol. The one is my sonne, I doe acknowledge him,
What woman's that. *T.S.* The widdowes daughter sir,

W.S. Bloud is he guld to. *T.S.* My brother stole her first,
Throte coozend him, and I had coozned *Throte*,
Had not the Constable tooke vs in the watch,
Shee is the widdowes daughter, had I had luck,

Thr. And my espoused wife. *La.S.* Vnmaske her face,
My daughter I desie her. *W.S.* Your worships wife,

MERRY-TRICKS.

Thr. I am guld and abus'd, and by a Statute
Of *Triceffimo* of the late *Queene*,
I will Star-chamber you all for coofonage,
And be by law diuorst. *W.S.* Sir twill not hold,
Shce's your leefull, lawfull, and true wedded wife,
Teste Lieftenant Beard. *Bea.* Wast you that brake my head?

W.S. But why shouldst thinke much to dye a Cuckold,
Being borne a Knaue? as good Lawyers as you
Scorne not hornes. *Thr.* I am guld, aye me accurst!
Why should the harmlesse man be vext with hornes,
When women most deserue them? *W.S.* Ile shew you sir,
The husband is the wiues head, and I pray
Where should the hornes stand but vpon the head:
Why wert not thou begot (thou foolish knaue)
By a poore Sumner, on a Sergiants widdow?
Wert not thou a Puritane, and put in trust
To gather releefe for the distressed *Genena*,
And didst not thou leaue thy poore bretheren,
And runne away with all the money, speake,
Was not that thy first rising? go,
Yare well coupled by *Ioue* yee are, she is
But a yonger sister newly come to towne,
Shce's currant mettle, not a penny the worse
For a little vse, whole within the Ring,
By my soule. *Bea.* Will a take her thinkst thou?

Bou. Yes faith, vpon her promise of amendment.

I. Tut. The Lawyer is guld.

Thr. Am I thus over-reach'd, to haue a wife,
And not of the best neither? *Fra.* Good sir be content,
A Lawyer should make all things right and straight,
All lyes but in the handling, I may prooue
A wife that shall deserue your best of loue.

S.Ol. Take her *Throte*, you haue a better iewell now
Then euer, kisse her, kisse her man, all friends.

La.S: Yet in this happy close, I still haue lost
My onely daughter. *W.S.* Wher's thy Page *Boutcher*?

Con. Here I present the Page: and that all doubts,
May heere be cleerd, heere in my propper shape,
That all your ioyes may bee compleat and full,
I must make one, with pardon gentle mother,

Since.

MERRY-TRICKS.

Since all our friends so happily are met,
Here will I choose a husband: this be the man,
Whom since I left your house in shape of Page,
I still have followed. W.S. Foot would I had knowne so much,
I would haue beene bold to haue laine with your page.

Con. Say am I welcome. Bon. As is my life and soule,

La.S. Heauen giue you ioy,

Since all so well succeeds, take my consent,

W.S. Then are we all pair'd, I and my lasse,
You and your wife, the lawyer and his wench,
And father fall you aborde of the widdow,
But then my brother. T.S. Faith I am a foole.

W.S. Thats all one; If God had not made
Some elder-brothers fooles, how should witty
Yonger brothers be maintain'd,
Strike vp Musick, lets haue an old song,
Since all my tricks haue found so good successe,
Weele sing, dance, dice, and drinke downe heauinesse.

FINIS.

Epilogus.

THus two houres haue brought to end, |

What many tedious houres haue pend,

A dares not glory nor distrust,

But he (as other writers must)

Submits the censures of his paines

To those whose wit and nimble braines,

Are able best to iudge: and as for some,

Who filld with malice, hether come

To betch their poyson on his labour,

Of them he doth intreate no fauour,

But bids them hang, or soone amend,

For worth shall still it selfe defend,

And for our selues wee doe desire,

Youle breath on vs that growing fire,

By which in time wee may attaine,

Like fauours which some others gaine:

For bee assur'd our loues shall tend,

To equall theirs, if not transcend.

FINIS.

